JOHN BULL

Vol. I. No. 14. SATURDAY, SEPT. 8th, 1906. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS-BOX SCHEME.

£5,000 FOR OUR READERS.

The success of JOHN BULL has been unique. Nothing like it has been known in modern journalism. It is the talk of the trade. The public wanted a change from namby-pamby rubbish, vulgar personalities, ponderous platitudes. The man in the street wanted an organ. JOHN BULL supplied that want.

There are still, however, certain people who, apparently, have not heard of our paper. Otherwise, of course, they would buy it. In fact, they would not be happy till they got it. This state of things must be remedied. How is it to be done? There is but one way—advertising. Now, advertising costs money, whatever method you adopt. Ask any society leader, or politician, or philanthropist. So we have set aside another

FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

How shall we spend it? Here is an idea. We will, at Christmas next, distribute

ONE THOUSAND FIVE POUND NOTES

amongst the thousand readers who between now and then, in our opinion, render us the best service in pushing the sale of JOHN BULL.

Will you have a try for one? "Yes," you say, "but what am I to do?" We will tell you. Look around and think. Are you in an office or a factory? Well, what about the chap next to you, and the one in front, and the other one, over there! Just say to him, very quietly and sweetly,

"Have You Read 'John Bull' ?"

And when you go to lunch or dinner, just take the paper out of your pocket, carelessly exposing the title, chuckle over the "Bulls' Eyes," or the "Open Post-Cards," or some other feature, and then, addressing the company generally, ask

"Have You Read 'John Bull' ?"

Look at that individual, standing at the corner of the street, and that one, waiting for a 'bus, and that other one, in the corner of the car.
Put the question to him,

"Have You Read 'John Bull' ?"

Then, there is the local newsagent. Ask him about the paper. Ask him to push it for all he is worth. And the bookstall clerk. Ask him to oblige you by placing it in front. Tell him it means a fiver to you. Don't, of course, attempt to bribe him. Simply say you are not greedy or selfish.

Again, when friends come to tea, or you visit them, don't waste time talking about the weather, but come at once to the point—

"Have You Read 'John Bull' ?"

Then read them a bit from your copy—first warning them not to have any cake in their mouths, for fear of choking, as the jokes are trotted out.

And when you write to your aunt or your uncle, your sister or brother, cousin or sweetheart, just put a "P.S." at the end—

"Have You Read 'John Bull' ?"

And when the rate collector, or the landlord, or the gas-meter man calls, or the postman, or the dustman, or even the cat's meat man—always the same old question,

"Have You Read 'John Bull' ?"

Of course, in all these cases, you will follow up by telling what a ripping paper it is; how long the week seems till it comes round—and anything else that occurs to you at the moment.

Don't be disheartened if now and then you get—a rude reply. Remember the story of the young man who told a friend that whenever he found himself alone with a pretty girl, he asked her to let him kiss her. "Surely," said his friend, "you must get a lot of rebuffs?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "but I also get a lot of kissing."

Now go ahead and see what you can do for us.

"But what about that Five Pound Note?" you say. Yes, we had almost forgotten to tell you.

HERE IS OUR SCHEME.

BETWEEN NOW AND TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18TH, YOU MUST LET US KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING FOR US. REPORT TO US AS OFTEN AS EVER YOU LIKE. WE WILL SEND YOU FORMS AND ENVELOPES FOR THE PURPOSE, IF YOU ASK US FOR THEM. BUT YOU NEED NOT USE THEM. ORDINARY LETTERS WILL DO. WE SHALL CAREFULLY NOTE WHAT YOU SAY, AND SHALL ALSO BE HAPPY TO CONSIDER ANY SUGGESTIONS YOU MAY MAKE.

On MONDAY, DECEMBER 24th,

ONE THOUSAND FIVE-POUND NOTES

will be distributed equally amongst the one thousand readers who, in our opinion, have rendered us the best service. Of course, the main test will be the obtaining of new readers. You get them—and we will keep them. But we are aware that, in many cases, it may be impracticable to actually trace the result of your efforts. That, however, need not dismay you. We will judge of your work, FAIRLY AND GENEROUSLY.

We need not enlarge upon the scores of things which a FIVE POUND NOTE at Christmas time will do. Each reader will work that out for himself. The bank notes will be sent by registered post, the number of each note being carefully taken. They will arrive by first post on the morning of Monday, December 24th—Christmas Eve.

BUT NO REPORT WILL BE CONSIDERED WHICH ARRIVES AFTER TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18TH.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RESPECTING THIS SCHEME MUST BE ADDRESSED TO

The Secretary,
John Bull, Ltd.,
Finsbury House,
London, E.C.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

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All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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JOHN BULL'S BISCUITS.

AWARD NO. 32.

For boldly claiming that "the name of ARMOUR guarantees absolute purity and highest quality," the notorious
CHICAGO PACKING FIRM
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 33.

For stating that
"Lord (*sic*) Grantham, a peer of the realm of England "(*sic*) and a member of the Bench of the Empire, is an "awful ass, and would not hold his positon in America "over one election."
JUDGE MARCUS KAVANAGH (of Chicago)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 34.

For asserting at a Temperance meeting in Canada that in England the medical profession has nearly abandoned the use of alcohol as a medicine, the distinguished surgeon,
SIR VICTOR HORSLEY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 35.

For calling at a Police Station, while under the influence of drink, and requesting the Inspector in charge to wire and ascertain whether he was at home because he had lost his memory,
MR. JOHN CAMERON (of Kendal)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

There are all sorts of political changes in the air—and the end of the present Parliament (in 1911) will find a totally different *personnel* in the front ranks. These dog-days are not the time to talk politics, but we will first make two important predictions. The first is that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's domestic bereavement—in which he has the deep sympathy of us all—will prove to be the forerunner of his early "elevation" to the Lords; and the second is that Mr. Chamberlain's active days of political work are over.

It is common knowledge in the Liberal Party that Mr. Asquith will soon become the Leader of the House of Commons. Sir Henry has neither the health nor the disposition (especially now) for five years of active, strenuous party warfare. He has done his work, and has earned his reward. And all party bitterness disappears to-day as we think of him in the eventime of his life—a dear, sweet old "English gentleman"—left desolate and sad by the loss of a devoted wife. As in the case of Sir Edward Grey, we can only express the hope that private grief may be to some extent assuaged by public service; and the assurance that, despite all differences, the heart of "John Bull" is always with his public men.

And Mr. Chamberlain? We deeply regret to state that, despite all assurances to the contrary, his early retirement from public life is probable. His nearest friends are urging it, and the medical men agree with them as to its wisdom. As is generally known, for many years Mr. Chamberlain has suffered from gout, but until recently the attacks have passed without leaving any visible ill-effects. It is different with his present illness,

He has been confined to his room for upwards of six weeks, and only within the last few days has he been able to take a short drive in the Park. He has lost much flesh, and the heart is seriously affected. A return to the excitement and strain of public life would, in the opinion of medical authority, be perilous under any probable future conditions. If, therefore, Mr. Chamberlain listens to his friends, his platform days are over, and the fiscal agitation loses its author and its leader. We make this statement with sincere regret. We do not see eye to eye with Mr. Chamberlain, and we take a strong view of many incidents in his public career. But he is *a man*—virile, courageous, resourceful—and these qualities are not so common in public life that we can afford to lose one of their most prominent exemplars. Compared with his nominal leader, Mr. Chamberlain stands out pre-eminent, nor should it be forgotten, as it often is, that when he separated from Mr. Gladstone on the Irish question in 1886, he risked, and as the event proved, lost, the reversion of the Premiership. Mr. Chamberlain is over 70, after which, as the Psalmist tells us, life has little to offer; but his countrymen will be as one in wishing him many years of happiness, and of health renovated by release from the exhausting demands of a political crusade.

Who will step into the places of these two men? Who will lead the two armies at the next General Election? Asquith and Balfour? *That* is a question which can be very well adjourned over the holidays. In the meantime, just be thinking it over; and begin by asking what "the two armies" are likely to be—their aims, their battle-cries, and their composition. That's enough politics for the present.

We may have something to say by-and-bye as to certain statements regarding Waring and Gillow's connection with the Waldorf Theatre made at the public examination of Mr. E. G. Saunders. Here we wish to point out in what a peculiar manner the *Daily Telegraph* reported the matter. We give in the left-hand column the report as it appeared in other dailies, and in the right-hand column that of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

The Dailies.	*The Daily Telegraph.*
. . . He sold his interest for £19,993 fully-paid shares. He gave 11,000 of these shares to *Mr. John Waring.*	. . . As vendor he received 19,993 fully-paid shares of £1 each in the Theatre Syndicate. He gave 11,000 of these *to another.*
As vendor witness received £40,000 shares, of which he transferred £20,000 to *Mr. John Waring.*	As vendor he received 40.000 shares of the company, of which he transferred 20,000 *to another.*
His failure was due to the fact that he had been unable to adjust *the accounts of Waring and Gillow* for building the theatre.	His failure was due to the fact that he had been unable to adjust *his accounts.*

We do not know why the *Daily Telegraph* garbled its report in this fashion, but we are sure that it had nothing to do with the fact that Messrs. Waring and Gillow advertise daily in its columns.

The talk about the Second Ballot, which the tactics of the I.L.P. in forcing three-cornered contests has brought to the legislative forefront, calls to mind by a play of words the original introduction of secret voting. People hardly realise nowadays how dire was the necessity for it—how tyrannical the conduct of the landlords in 1868—conduct which proved the immediate cause of the Ballot Act! They frequently claimed the right to remain in polling booths until their tenants had recorded their votes—whilst in East Devon a clerical landlord's lease, in addition to the ordinary agricultural covenants, contained clauses binding the tenant to "*attend church regularly and maintain Conservative principles.*" Alluding to this lease, and the general behaviour of the East Devon squires during the election of 1868, when Sir Lawrence Palk and Lord Courtenay (Conservatives) and Mr. Wade (Liberal) contested the seat, the following squib was issued in the interests of the Progessive candidate:—

A CLERICAL LEASE.

Good Parson Wilson's printed lease
  Has this especial merit—
It keeps the farmer in his place,
  And makes him poor in spirit.

Begot by Pharisee and Scribe,
  Of Priest's and lawyer's loins,
Blending the cant of either tribe,
  The jumble thus enjoins:

A pious, meek, and servile plan
  Serves best to squire from peasants;
Preserve a Christian conduct, man!
  And oh! preserve the pheasants.

Keep far from off this holy land,
  Dissenter, Turk, and Jew;
Maintain my Church's doctrines, and
  Maintain my rabbits, too.

Four times a year you're bound to bring
  Your rent with punctual speed,
And *thirteen* times to say (or sing)
  The Athanasian Creed.

The devil and his works forsake,
  And quickly drive him hence,
And let no *hornèd cattle* break
  Within your orchard's fence.

Manure with lime and crop your ground
  Upon the four years' plan,
And when election time comes round,
  Support the Tory man.

Recently the half-penny papers, in default of attractive news, have been taunting our American cousins with niggardliness in the way of tips when they visit us. An American millionaire rushes to the rescue. With scorn he declares that in the United States an able-bodied man is never offered a tip, such gratuities being confined to cripples and niggers, whom he evidently regards as hardly within the pale of humanity. The defence might have seemed convincing, but for the recollection of Mr. Frank Harris's delicious stories of "Millionaires and Halfpence" in one of our recent issues. A sensitive shrinking from any ostentatious display of wealth by throwing the ha'pence about is apparently characteristic of the modern millionaire. The explanation is that most of these men, having acquired wealth by accident, whilst they *think* in big figures, *count* in little ones. We can add from our own experience another story of the late Mr. Beit. We were sitting next to him at Monte Carlo a few years ago. He had placed five louis on a number, and it came out. His eyes glistened and his hand trembled as the croupier passed him a pile of golden pieces (he had asked to be paid *En or*). And we ventured to observe to him, "One would think you had never seen so much money before." To which remark came the prompt reply, "I'm not sure that I have."

Mr. Haldane's imposing presence has inspired the *Rapid Review* to employ a very ancient chestnut in his glorification. A small child is represented as inquiring whether it is possible that any man could really be as wise as Mr. Haldane looks. History occasionally repeats itself, we know, and it may be that this small child is a re-incarnation of George Selwyn, who maintained that Lord Thurlow was "a damned fraud," as "nobody could really be as wise as Thurlow looks."

It is a moot point to what extent a parson on a holiday may consider himself off duty and dispense with all

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

external symbol of his calling. The bolder and more sensible often entrust themselves to a complete suit of mufti, secure in an habitual standard of conduct which needs no adventitious aids. Others, fearing that the enemy may blaspheme, retain the clerical collar, while they don the Norfolk jacket. It is a minor matter which each individual parson may be left to decide for himself. But what shall be said of the strenuous dissenter, the passive resister, or what not—who, when, with his wife and children, he pays his annual visit to the seaside, spurns the humble local meeting house of his sect and travels to church with the fashionable crowd? That this is one of the vagaries of the Nonconformist conscience we have the authority of Mr. Lloyd-George. What is to be done? The matter is serious. Change for the body, as much as you like—but no paddling in the water of conformity! Souls don't want holidays.

In the *Labour Leader* Mr. Keir Hardie celebrates his fiftieth birthday by a retrospective article. The language is mostly vague and flowery, but sometimes hits the mark, as, for instance, where he says that with him "the cloudy day has given way to a starless night." Then he introduces a mysterious baronet, who during some early contested elections of Mr. Hardie's (date and locality unfixed) "was sent down from London, armed with plenipotentiary powers to make peace, and his offer took the form of a guarantee of a seat at the General Election, all expenses paid, and a guarantee of £300 a year so long as I remained in Parliament." What, if any, conditions were attached to this offer Mr. Hardie does not say, but "the thing was so obviously a bribe" that it awoke in him "a spirit of detestation which has never since been quite allayed." It is really time that Mr. Hardie shook this nasty feeling off. It must be very depressing to be always going about the world in a spirit of detestation. How would it be to give the name of the mysterious baronet? Why should he be shielded? Such a monster ought not to be at large. Let us see—"mysterious baronet"—M.B.—why, of course, Maltman Barrie.

In a case where a policeman had been summoned for an alleged assault upon a prisoner, the solicitor for the defence inquired of the complainant—"Should you be surprised to hear six persons swear that the accused was in bed and asleep at the very time you say he struck you?" "No," came the quiet reply; "it is what I should expect." "Should you be surprised to hear?" as a form of interrogation in cross-examination, owes its birth to the Tichborne case, but not, as is popularly supposed, to Lord Brampton, who, as Mr. Henry Hawkins, took so prominent a part in that *cause célèbre*. And, like its companion query, "Do I understand?" etc., it lends itself to ready repartee. No litigant need, of course, be surprised at anything the other side will do or say—nor is he responsible for the understanding of hostile counsel; otherwise, as we once said in Court, he might have employed him.

By way of emphasising the views of "A Lawyer," in our last issue, on the subject of litigation, we find that in the course of one week the following judgments were recently entered in favour of plaintiffs:—

1. Titmus v. Hammond—breach of promise, £50.
2. Jones v. Jackson—breach of promise, £100.
3. Eastwood v. Harradine—breach of promise, £50.
4. Portman v. Callen—breach of promise, £50.
5. Barnes v. Lucile, Ltd.—dog bite, £33 15s.

These cases were all fought with an expensive array of counsel on both sides, and we venture to say that, except as to case No. 2, the respective plaintiffs are not one penny the better off, whilst in each case, except No. 5, they have exposed themselves to the ridicule of their friends and neighbours.

A few years ago there resided in one of our most ancient and interesting Cathedral cities an honest, respectable commission agent. He transacted his business quietly, never pushed it, but always paid his way. The result was that he became favourably known throughout the county, and built up a valuable connection. It unfortunately happened that this county, like other counties, contained a few imprudent young men who, bitten by a mania for gambling, eventually staked the bulk of their fortunes upon some chance, and lost. No dishonourable reflections were made upon the agent through whom they acted. But they were young men of family, and their misfortunes made a stir. The clergy, the mayor, the magistrates combined to declaim against the evils of betting. They held public meetings, they preached, they prosecuted, they fined. After a sharp struggle they succeeded in driving out of house and home a man whose name had become known to them chiefly through the virtues he practised.

Hardly had this feat been accomplished when a great bazaar in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was announced. The Lord Lieutenant of the County, the Mayor, and the élite of the neighbourhood bestowed their patronage, and set their women folk and their young folk to work to make the bazaar "an enormous success." It became a success, so far as the receipts were concerned for the two or three days' sale. But it was scarcely over before nearly everybody connected with it wished it had never been mooted. The Rev. Benjamin Waugh, the then Director of the Society, was a man of enterprise. In all his big bazaars he took advantage of the blind eye which the police were wont to turn towards law-breakers in the service of charity, and he had a big lottery. In the lottery at this particular bazaar the first prize was an article of jewellery valued at £120.

The second prize of £90 in the Rev. Mr. Waugh's lottery was won by a child in the Sunday School under the charge of a young curate who happened to be the correspondent of the Society, for which he was also one of the principal local workers. He had sanctioned the bazaar under pressure, and on the promise of the ladies organising it, that there should be no raffles of any kind. He had taken part in the attack upon the bookmaker referred to above. He was, however, a consistent opponent of betting. He did not see how the placing of money on a chance, if wrong *per se*, could become right when performed with the professed intention of benefiting even the cause of charity. He *did* see that to a child the gain of a lottery prize to the tune of £90 would prove a powerful incentive to future indulgence in the habit of betting. He wrote at once to all the local newspapers, repudiating the action of the promoters of the bazaar, and declaring his intention of severing his connection with the Society unless the matter were explained satisfactorily.

All that Mr. Waugh urged in defence was that the lottery prizes presented were in the form of jewellery, and not hard cash. Whence he derived the notion is undiscoverable, but he considered the circumstance constituted in some way an ample legal and moral vindication of his lottery. The upshot of the affair was a great storm locally. Nobody could justify the glaring contrast between the recent official prosecution of the bookmaker and the immediate official sanction of this illegal, and, under the assumptions of its promoters, most immoral lottery. Yet no formal apology was put forward, and as soon as the indignant curate could be quieted, the matter was hushed up. The pious members of Mr. Waugh's committee, among whom were several peers who voted in favour of Lord Davey's Betting Bill, declined to insist that Mr. Waugh should refrain from instituting any more of these lotteries. The moral of all of which is that "circumstances alter cases."

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

IN THE CITY.

Messrs. Waring and Gillow, Limited.—The Silence of the Auditors.

Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co. have not, as yet, responded to our invitation to state what were their "requirements" when auditing the accounts of Waring and Gillow, Limited. Before going further, let us remind them of their duty as defined by the law, and what follows, or may follow, the neglect of duty in this connection. Auditors are required (1) To issue a certificate at the foot of the balance-sheet stating whether or not all their requirements as auditors have been complied with: (2) to make a report to the shareholders on *(a)* the accounts examined by them, and *(b)* every balance-sheet laid before the company in general meeting during their tenure of office; (3) in every such report to state whether in their opinion the balance-sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the company's affairs as shown by the books of the company.

These are the services the law requires from the auditors, and if they fail to take reasonable care to see that the books correctly show the position of the company's affairs, and consequently authorise the issue of a balance-sheet, on the faith of which dividends are declared and paid other than out of profits available for dividend, they are liable in damages to the company for the amounts so paid.

Such is the law. How stand Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co. with respect to it?

The balance-sheet of Waring and Gillow, Limited, is, upon its credit side, for all purposes of information, a worthless document. Let us take a single item:—

Sundry debtor balances (after making a provision for doubtful debts) - - - £518,071 11 1

Here we have a credit of over half a million sterling, comprised of debtor balances. But all debtor balances are not recoverable. In a business like Waring and Gillow's bad debts must be frequent. Has proper provision been made for bad debts? The balance-sheet does not say so. It says that "a provision" has been made, not that adequate provision has been made. If adequate provision has been made, why is it not so stated in the balance-sheet? It is to correct a balance-sheet made up in this way that the law requires the auditors to certify that things are as they seem. Do Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co. do this? They do not. All they say is that all their requirements as auditors have been complied with. We are well aware that auditors are not paid to discharge, and presumably are not competent to discharge, the duty of valuers. But they are officers of the company, and so liable for misfeasance. It is their business to ascertain and state the true financial position of the company at the date of the audit. They are to ascertain it by examining the books, and they must take reasonable care to ascertain that the books show the company's real position. Their examination of the books must be not merely for the purpose of ascertaining what they show, but also for satisfying themselves that they show the true financial position. We admit that even as regards entries in the books Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co. were not, in the absence of suspicion, bound to investigate them for the purpose of testing whether the Managing Director's return was likely to be true. *In the absence of suspicion.* But if there was no suspicion, why the entry we have quoted in the form in which it appears? Why was the usual form departed from, and the statement made, not that adequate provision had been made for bad debts, but that "a provision" had been made? It may be said that an entry so worded in itself invites suspicion, and points to a need for inquiry, but the duty of auditors is to give to the members information, and not merely means of information, of the result of their investigation. Auditors who give shareholders means of information instead of information do so, as laid down in the *London and General Bank* case, at their peril.

Take another credit item in the balance-sheet:—

Cash and investments (less loans secured on investments - - - - £427,782 18 9

As it stands, this item does not do much to enlighten shareholders, nor do the auditors help them. We admit that here we touch upon the very controversial question as to whether to any and to what extent the auditors owe the duty of forming and expressing an opinion as to the value of the company's assets. Obviously a report on the financial position of a company which ignores the question of the value of its assets is of little value, and, though auditors are not valuers, it is their duty to make inquiry, at any rate to some extent, and under some circumstances. Did Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co. so construe their duty? They were not required to be suspicious, but they were bound to be careful. Were they? The tone of their certificate rather suggests the contrary. They do not vouch for the value of the investments being as stated. They carefully guard themselves against doing so, and so this item of £427,782 18s. 9d., with the preceding item of £518,071 11s. 1d., must be highly disturbing to the intelligent shareholder. And he looks in vain for any indication of the amount of the cash at the bank. Why are Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co. silent on this crucial point. Was there no cash at the bank?

We have no wish to say anything unfair about Waring and Gillow, Limited, or the way in which Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co. prepared their audit. But if our criticisms of the balance-sheet suggest a state of affairs less sound than the figures are intended to show, or the statements of the chairman at the general meeting were intended to convey, the framers of the balance-sheet have only themselves to blame, and if we do Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co. any injustice in suggesting that their "requirements" were less exacting than the interests of the shareholders demanded, and the law requires, they, too, have only themselves to blame, seeing that they have acquiesced in a form of balance-sheet that not merely excuses, but invites suspicion. After all, this is a company with a capital not very far short of £3,000,000, and auditors who shrink from probing when there is reason to believe that the probe is necessary accept a very heavy responsibility.

The Rhodesian Effort.

The Rhodesian squibs give a poor display compared with the American rockets, but the methods employed to attract an audience reflect some amount of enterprise on the part of the wirepullers. They have exhausted the metals in the discoveries they have reported—gold, copper, tin, silver, lead, coal, coke, and iron having all been the subject of market rumour, while diamonds, rubies, and sundry other precious stones are all to have their share in bringing prosperity to the Cinderella of our South African colonies. We have had all this before—and with what results? Gold mining has been in progress in Rhodesia for a decade, and many millions of British capital have been devoted to—or perhaps one should say have been put up by the public for—the purpose. The net result is that just two Rhodesian gold companies, of a total of a hundred or so, are to-day paying dividends. So far the colony has been the most dismal failure that the British flag has to admit, and so much do those who are bulling Chartereds think of those who control its destinies, that their strong card is that that hugely capitalised concern is to be bought out by the British taxpayer—lock, stock, and barrel! We freely admit that efforts of late years have been made to attract settlers to Rhodesia, and also to foster its agricultural development, but progress is woefully slow, and does not yet justify even a fractional rise in Chartereds, much less a boom extending from Tanganyikas down to Willoughby's "Consols." Tanganyikas have more than doubled their price in six

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weeks on rumours that the funds have been found by some American millionaire or other to complete the Benguela Railway. This will only require ten millions or so, and we might perhaps believe that there was something in the yarn if the Yankees had not enough to do just now to keep up their own end of the market. New York will not be exporting gold to the Congo this year. It may do so—perhaps about the same time that the Tanganyika Company commences to produce copper. Tanganyikas were rigged up to 27 on a similar rumour a few years ago. They have since been down to 30s.! The company has rights over an area that is undoubtedly valuable if it can be brought within reach of civilisation before the concession expires. But there is no reason to buy the shares on a rise.

Westinghouse Methods—in America.

We referred a fortnight ago to the British Westinghouse Company, and its lamentable record, and suggested a few reasons for its failure. One American exchange contains a report of the recent meeting of its Yankee parent—the first that has been held for nine years! The gathering took place in the east end of Pittsburg, a district most inconvenient to financial interests, and was convened for an unearthly hour in order the further to restrict attendance. According to an official account issued by the "publishing department" of the Westinghouse Company, this unique function, despite these drawbacks, was attended by "obstructionists," who actually were there "for the purpose of asking questions"! This impertinence notwithstanding, the proceedings "went smoothly," we are told, "until the minutes of the last meeting were read"—presumably until the first word was spoken.

While these dim echoes of the past were being recalled "to save time," the annual report, "printed in pamphlet form, was handed around to the stockholders in attendance, and the pages were quickly scanned and scrutinised." This feverish haste may be imagined, for immediately following the fateful reading of the minutes the motion was made "to order the report filed and to save time by having the reading of it dispensed with." It appears that at this get-it-over-quick suggestion "a little coterie did not seem to be satisfied." However, they had "to bow gracefully to the inevitable," and eventually they "sullenly acquiesced"—not, however, until one of them offered a most daring resolution to have "the annual report sent to the stockholders in the future one week before the meeting." Now this is not a burlesque account of a company meeting, but is from the actual record as officially edited by the Westinghouse officials, who, if to be congratulated on their breezy style, are by no means clever diplomats. It is hardly becoming, or likely to add to the smoothness of the proceedings nine years hence, to boast of the board's ability to enforce "sullen acquiescence."

One further extract is worth giving, that the directors "good naturedly" replied to one of the "ridiculous questions," because it is so expressive of the disposition, which so far as we are able to ascertain, also characterises American company management in general. Of course, it was presumptuous for that shareholder to take up the valuable time of a director who might otherwise have got away to attend to his own business, when the whole of the information required had been given as recently as nine years previous. But we hope the shareholder may be heard of again. Meanwhile the kindly director deserves a JOHN BULL biscuit for his "good nature." He would have one—if the official report only mentioned his name!

Wall Street Conundrums.

Does the 10 per cent.—or is it 8 per cent.?—dividend on Union Pacifics mean a permanent rate, or was it a mere piece of trickery on the part of Harriman and his associates to earn a few honest dollars by market manipulation?

Upon the expectation that the Atchison will be placed on a 5 per cent. dividend basis, the shares have been rushed up from the eighties to over 110. Last year the road did not earn much more than the 4 per cent. it paid. One crop failure—and where would "Atch." be?

T. Saunders, Money Lender.

We shall be glad to hear from any of our readers who had dealings with this person, whose business address is 11, Savile Row, W., and whose methods as a money-lender were recently exposed in the Law Courts. All particulars sent us will be treated in the strictest confidence, and no use will be made of any of them without specific permission.

INQUIRIES.

JAPANESE LOAN.—C. W. (St. James's).—(1) The Japanese Loan represents an excellent security. (2) There would be no difficulty in your selecting industrial shares that on present dividend distributions and prices would give you from 5 to 6 per cent.; but you will of course remember that as a general rule the higher the yield the less the security. (3) We cannot recommend the investment you mention.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTER.—L. A. (Liverpool).—The Independent Order of Foresters is a Canadian concern, which has been sharply criticised in Canada and in this country. We know of no good reason why you should have dealings with it.

"SOVEREIGN" ENQUIRY.—We have received a letter unsigned with reference to this matter, and we take the opportunity of saying that we can pay no attention to anonymous communications.

FALL IN VALUE.—J. E. B. (Cardiff).—We should cut the loss.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—GLEBE (Londonderry).—Our advice to you is to keep the small surplus you have, and not to risk it in Stock Exchange speculations.

THE NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—A BONDHOLDER (Glanton).—The Trust has been in existence for many years, and we have never heard anything to its discredit.

ROBINSON RANDFONTEIN.—Q. (Pendlebury).—We do not see much likelihood of considerable further or early improvement in the quotation, which is substantially better than it was at one time this year.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—W. J. (Leek).—We thank you for the letter and other matter sent us, and which you received from the Association. These documents we return to you. You must, of course, decide for yourself whether you care to become an agent of the Association. We thank you for your kindly references to JOHN BULL.

MARGINAL INVESTMENTS.—J. A. (Cardiff).—We cannot enter into an argument with you as to the wisdom or unwisdom of Marginal Investments. Our advice to you, as to others, is to have nothing to do with them; but if you disregard it, you will at least have the advantage that comes of experience bought.

VARIOUS QUESTIONS.—ANXIOUS (Ayr).—(1) The first firm of outside brokers you name is among the largest in the business. The Manchester firm are much smaller folk; both should be avoided. (2) No, we do not consider that "money can be made at Marginal Business" by folk like yourself. (3) The answer to No. 2 question disposes of No. 3. We are afraid you will think us unsympathetic, but if you follow our advice to keep away from outside brokers you will be the richer in the end.

TWO SHARES.—H. S. (Camberwell).—We cannot advise you to invest in either of the shares you mention.

SHIPPING SHARES.—ENQUIRER (London).—Our advice to you would be to sell your shares upon the first favourable opportunity. The outlook for shipping companies at the present time is anything but bright. There is an immense quantity of new tonnage being put into the water, and that at a time when the tonnage already there finds it very difficult to get employment. There is small likelihood of much improvement in the shipping trade for some time to come—the probabilities are the other way. It is not that the International Carrying trade is bad, but that excessive orders for construction were given at the end of 1904 and the beginning of 1905, and there is no corresponding increase in freight to be carried.

ETRUSCAN COPPER.—H. G. B. (London).—We do not say that "the whole thing is a swindle," because we believe the directors honestly thought they had a fine property, but how they brought themselves to think it, passes comprehension. As to whether it would be worth while to buy largely now on the chance of an "average up," we think not. The greater likelihood is an "average down," if that be any longer possible.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—E. N. (St. Anne's-on-Sea).—We do not recommend brokers, but you will have no difficulty in carrying through the transaction if you apply to one of the foreign bankers in London.

NEW YORK INSURANCE COMPANY.—G. H. Y. (Newport).—We recommend you to hold on to the end of the Accumulation period. By surrendering now you will be incurring a sacrifice for which there is no necessity.

SALE OF STOCK.—F. M. (Kingston).—You should instruct a broker—a member of the Stock Exchange. The charges would be quite small.

DERWENTWATER VALLEY WATER BOARD.—S. S. S. (Dublin).—Yes, we think so.

UNITED-KINGDOM SAVINGS INVESTMENT, LTD.—H. M. (Brondesbury Park).—We will try and get the information you want. We have no present knowledge of the concern.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—J. H. (Darlington).—We have forwarded the letter as requested.

STANDING OF INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. S. R. (Shildon).—We have no knowledge of the local Insurance Company to which you refer, but, speaking generally, we may say that companies who offer situations upon the condition that the persons accepting them put a certain sum of money into the company are not, as a rule, desirable concerns to have anything to do with.

INSURANCE OFFICE.—P. B. J. (Nottingham).—The company was established in 1896, and its business is life insurance. As to "whether it is the best of its kind," it is not among the great offices, much less at the head of them.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—C. G. L. (Wood Green).—We cannot possibly tell you what would be the surrender value of your Bond unless you let us know its amount, and the time during which you have been paying upon it.

WARING AND GILLOW.—H. W. (Harlesden).—(1) Thanks for the cutting, which will have attention. (2) We have little doubt that some sort of reply will be forthcoming by-and-by. Unfortunately it cannot be a reassuring one. (3) We shall be glad to have the correspondence with the other people when it is completed.

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JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

The Law Society Again.

Some little time ago we directed attention to the strange action of the Law Society in prosecuting a Scotch solicitor of unblemished character because he happened to use a sheet of paper on the heading of which he was described as a solicitor, when as a fact, and so far as England was concerned, he was not entitled to practise. Our attention has now been directed to another case in which the Law Society played the part of prosecutor, a case which seems more idiotic, if that be possible, than the one affecting the Scotch solicitor.

Two summonses were taken out by the Law Society against one George H. Daines, who was charged with unlawfully, wilfully, and falsely pretending to be a solicitor. It appeared from the evidence that the Society rested their case upon two letters addressed by the defendant, who was admittedly not a solicitor, to a man named Bowdery, then resident at Brixton, applying for an alleged debt. In the first of these letters the defendant spoke of having "received instructions," and in the second he used the words "otherwise I shall be compelled to take proceedings to recover the same." To the acute intelligence of the gentlemen who control the Law Society, this seemed evidence that Mr. Daines "wilfully and falsely" pretended to be a solicitor. Mr. Francis, the magistrate who tried the case, asked "what there was in the letters to lead any reasonable man to think they were anything more than the letters of an ordinary debt collector," and Counsel for the Society found it a very difficult question to answer. Mr. Francis pointed out later on that there must be hundreds of proceedings taken in the County Court that are not taken by solicitors, and thousands that are taken by agents. Counsel, however, put in a third letter from the defendant, in which he was asked for fourpence for stamps, and seriously contended that this was evidence that he was a solicitor, apparently never having heard of 6s. 8d. Finally, Mr. Francis dismissed the summonses, remarking that there was nothing in the letters, so far as he could see, to justify the recipient in jumping to the conclusion that the writer was a solicitor. Really, it is almost incredible that a Society like the Law Society should condescend to prosecutions of this kind, to attempt to punish an unhappy debt collector for doing what he had a perfect right to do. If, instead of taking these vexatious and foolish proceedings against men who are committing no offence the Society would tackle some of their own more prominent members who are up to the neck in transactions that ought to strike them off the Rolls, it would be doing something to justify its existence instead of wasting time and money in bootless prosecutions.

County Courts and the Public.

The County Court returns for 1905 just issued show that the public have been quick to take advantage of the extension of jurisdiction in these Courts. The number of plaints issued for sums above £50 has increased from 1,089 to 3,103. For the first time for several years, however, the total number of plaints issued shows decrease—of from 1,338,732 to 1,300,437—but 1904 was an exceptional year, and if we take the last thirty years we find that the increase has been from 878,493 in 1875 to 1,300,437 in 1905. Trial by jury was never popular in the County Courts and seems to be growing less so. In 1875, with more than 400,000 fewer cases to try, the number of juries was 1,030 as compared with 843 in 1905. The ordinary County Court suitor does not want the paraphernalia of a jury. These Courts deal mostly with small disputes, the claims averaging only £3.

The London County Council Again.

The Tribunal of Appeal under the London Building Acts has just inflicted a merited snub upon the London County Council. The architect for certain premises in course of erection at 13 and 15, Leather Lane submitted drawings for the building showing it to be erected of steel and concrete floors and a brick enclosed staircase of what is known as the "L.C.C. pattern," but the London County Council required in addition two doors forming a lobby on each floor, ventilated to the open air. From this decision an appeal was brought. The building had only one room of 25 ft. by 24 ft. on each floor, and the Tribunal of Appeal decided that the requirements of the Council were unreasonable in the circumstances of the case. A number of minor points were raised by the Council, but they were overruled in every case. The Tribunal held that the premises as originally planned met all reasonable requirements, and the Council—that is to say the ratepayers—has to pay the costs. It is well to take precautions against fire, but in this, as in many other matters, the Council allows zeal to get the better of discretion, and is constantly making demands upon the owners of premises quite beyond the requirements of public safety, and against which the owner has to take costly legal proceedings if he would save himself from heavy unnecessary expenditure.

Kissing the Book.

There seems to be some little likelihood of the disgusting practice of "kissing the book" giving place to more sensible and cleanly procedure. At the Lambeth Police Court, for example, instructions have been given that witnesses are to be given the option of being sworn in the Scotch fashion, and it may be hoped that elsewhere this alternative will be allowed. Not long ago a defendant on a judgment went into the witness box. Before he was sworn his counsel read a medical certificate stating that the witness was being treated for sycosis of the lips, and it was obvious that he was suffering from some horrid complaint about the mouth. Notwithstanding this, the judge allowed the witness to be sworn in the usual way by kissing the book. This no doubt is an exceptional case in more ways than one, but the practice is a disgusting and a dangerous one. Moreover, the form of words of the Scotch oath is preferable. Nothing could be more impressive, and if a witness is to be influenced at all by an oath he is much more likely to be by the Scotch than the English. Holding up his right hand, uncovered, he declares "I swear by Almighty God, and as I shall answer to God at the great Day of Judgment, that I will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." By the middle of the century we may see this the form in all our courts. There are some things they do better in Scotland.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

F.W.S. (Leeds).—We have no information as to the land laws in force in Canada, but the meaning of your information is evidently that you will have a land certificate instead of a deed, and that will operate as your title deed. You should instruct the agent who is acting for you in Canada to obtain the necessary information.

Doubtful (One Ash).—As the amount is small, and as it is not worth while to incur much expense, you should get your friend to write you a letter acknowledging the loan and depositing the policy with you as equitable security for its repayment, thus giving you a lien on the proceeds. You should then give notice to the insurance company of your having the policy. You should also take a promissory note as security for the loan. The only other way of dealing with the matter is to get a solicitor to draw up a deed of assignment, and give notice of it to the company. This would cost about £3, including stamps.

C. E. E.— (1) The Official Receiver or Trustee has no power to give credit, so the value of the furniture and drugs must be paid for on delivery in one sum. Surgical instruments would be deemed "excepted articles," as tools of trade, and would not vest in the Trustee. (2) If the Official Receiver disclaims the tenancy of the premises you occupy, it is open to you to make a fresh arrangement with the landlord, or carry on your practice in some other premises. (3) You are perfectly entitled to continue your practice, and no one can interfere with or intercept your earnings, provided they do not amount to more than sufficient for the proper maintenance of yourself and family. (4) The fees on application for discharge would be as follows: Stamp on application, £1; Gazette notices, 10s.; fee for notifying creditors of date fixed for the application, 1s. for every creditor notified.

P.A. J. (Liverpool).—Building societies are controlled by the Building Societies Acts, 1874, 1875, 1877, 1884, and 1894. You will find the best information as to such societies in a book by Sir E. Brabrook, the late Registrar of Friendly Societies, just published by King and Son, Westminster, price 1s. We know nothing of the societies you name, but, as far as we can judge by their official returns, they are of good standing.

Company (Luton).—We are glad we saved you from Lovegrove's clutches. The minimum cost of converting your little venture into a company would probably be not less than £25, and as you are unfamiliar with such matters, you had certainly better consult a solicitor.

Jaime (Hammersmith).—Your brother is not a preferential creditor. He can only prove his claim in the liquidation.

Miko (Newcastle).—You can sue for the balance as damages for wrongful sale.

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OUR BANKRUPTCY LAWS.

IV.

Points for Mr. Lloyd-George.

We summarise our comments on the Bankruptcy Law by indicating some of the points with which an amending Act should deal.

Bankruptcy Petitions.

A new Act should put a stop to the blackmailing which at present obtains under cover of Bankruptcy Notices and Bankruptcy Petitions.

It should see that the intention of the Legislature is strictly carried out by requiring the Registrar of the Court on the hearing of a petition either to make a receiving order or dismiss the petition, and thus cease to play into the hands of the blackmailers by granting adjournment after adjournment in the manner we have already pointed out.

If such a procedure were made imperative then petitions would only be presented where there is a *bona fide* desire on the part of the petitioners to obtain receiving orders.

But the Court must have discretionary power to adjourn the hearing of a petition should it require further evidence of the Act of Bankruptcy or of the petitioning creditor's debt.

Compositions and Arrangements.

The absurd restrictions on the freedom of creditors under receiving orders to accept a composition or scheme providing for less than 7s. 6d. in the £ should be swept away. Why should creditors be placed at a disadvantage and penalised because their debtor may have committed some slight technical offence against the Bankruptcy Law? To require the Court to withhold its approval of a composition of, say, 5s. in the £ because the debtor's assets are not equal to 10s. in the £ is too "Gilbertian"!

Again, it is quite unnecessary in some of these composition cases to compel the debtor to undergo the ordeal of a public examination. Provision might therefore well be made that in cases where a composition or scheme is accepted by a large majority of the creditors, such majority should be empowered to resolve that in their opinion the debtor has made to them and to the Official Receiver a full and honest disclosure of his property and dealings, and that it is expedient to dispense with his public examination.

Administration of Bankrupts' Estates.

The unseemly contests for trusteeships between Official Receivers and non-official trustees (in which contests the Official Receiver is practically able to tout for proxies while the outside trustee is precluded from doing so) should be got rid of by providing that the Official Receiver should only act as trustee in cases where the creditors *fail to nominate* a trustee, when they meet for the purpose of appointing one. The distinction between summary and non-summary cases as regards the creditors' right to appoint their own trustees should be abolished, as experience has proved that the actual administration of the estates is better conducted by outside professional trustees than by any officials.

Proofs of Debt.

Creditors must be relieved from the irritating impost of a shilling bankruptcy stamp upon every proof of debt. In fact, the present system of proving debts by affidavits might well be swept away altogether. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a simple statement of the creditor's claim against the debtor, certified by the creditor as "correct," would suffice. In the hundredth case the creditor might be called upon by the trustee to prove his claim in a more formal manner. In this connection the following extract from one of Jabez Balfour's articles on his imprisonment appearing in a recent issue of the *Weekly Dispatch* is very much to the point. Referring to the proofs of debt lodged against his estate in bankruptcy, he says:—

"I was much amused, and not at little astonished, at the levity, to use no stronger word, with which the various officials treated many of the claims—the so-called proofs—which had been lodged against my estate. I had regarded them all as serious, for were they not all supported by the solemn oaths of the claimants? But the quasi-judicial functionaries of the Board of Trade knew better. The oath to their minds was evidently nothing but a mere form, and a claim did not acquire the least additional strength in their eyes through being thus solemnly attested. As that is so, I would ask incidentally, Is it worth while, is it decent, to retain a method of procedure which thus belittles, which thus befouls, the most sacred and solemn of all legal forms?

Perjury even in a county court is a crime exposing a man to penal servitude. Perjury in the Bankruptcy Court is apparently nothing but a recognised incident of the game, involving no consequences whatever."

Official Receivers.

In any amendment of the Bankruptcy Act these officers should be retained. There are functions which they can usefully perform. Many of these Official Receivers are capable men and therefore their initiative and freedom of action ought not to be so hopelessly hampered and impeded as is the case at present. They are subjected to the red tape and inelastic regulations and instructions of the Board of Trade to such an extent that they appear afraid to exercise their own common sense and discretion, and to be quite at a loss how to act in any emergency not covered by "precedent" or red tape instructions. In the early days of the 1883 Act an honest attempt was made by the then Chief Official Receiver and his assistants in London to work the Act on broad lines, which commended themselves to the commercial community and their legal advisers, the result being that many important commercial cases were brought into, and satisfactorily dealt with by the Official Receivers of, the High Court. But the places of these officials know them no more—there is not one of them left. Now the red tape regulations of the Board of Trade extend their blighting influence and overshadow the High Court as well as the country district courts, with the results already indicated—and the commercial community avoid the Court and its officials wherever they can possibly do so.

Let Official Receivers, then, be retained, but let them exercise their discretion in the discharge of their duties free from too much red tape Board of Trade interference. Let them remember that they are Officers of the Court as well as of the Board of Trade. Lord Justice Vaughan-Williams, when acting as Bankruptcy Judge some years ago, laid it down very emphatically in two important cases that, in discharging their quasi-judicial duties in reporting to the Court, etc., Official Receivers are acting as Officers of the Court, and must use their own discretion and act on their own responsibility. They must not be interfered with or have their reports mutilated by the Board of Trade.

The number of Official Receivers might be reduced with advantage, and the cost of the establishment lessened by limiting their functions so far as possible to (*a*) the interim protection of estates pending appointment of creditors' trustees, (*b*) the summoning and presiding over necessary meetings of creditors, (*c*) examining debtors and reporting to the Court upon their conduct and affairs.

Relieve Official Receivers from the actual administrative work of the estates, which work should be dealt with by the creditors' own agents upon terms agreeable to them, but subject to the necessary supervision of such agents by the Bankruptcy Department.

Arrangements outside Bankruptcy.

As previously pointed out, commercial men, in their desire to keep clear of the official administration of their debtors' estates and the consequent heavy fees and expenses, have for some years had recourse to a system of deeds of assignment and composition. This system might well be recognised in an amendment of the law by providing that the assent to a deed by a majority in

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number and three-fourths in value of the creditors should make the deed binding on the minority, and that the accounts of the trustees appointed by the creditors to administer the estates under these deeds should be audited by the Board of Trade. The execution by a debtor of an assignment of his estate to a trustee for the benefit of his creditors generally should cease to be an act of bankruptcy, unless the statutory majority of the creditors fail to assent to the deed within a specified period from the date of its execution. But the ideal system for arrangements between creditors and debtors outside the Court would be a return to the system of liquidation by arrangement or composition in vogue under the Act of 1869—safeguarded by supervision of agents and audit of their accounts by the Board of Trade.

(To be continued.)

JOHN BULL ABROAD.

By Barrante du Plessis.

One of John Bull's most characteristic traits is his love of travelling and his peculiar mode of indulging in that pleasure.

Have you never witnessed the following scene: John walks into a picture-gallery—duly escorted by his wife, daughters, and sons—for John is a family man, and as such only to be met with in *very* proper places.

Each member of the family, deeply engrossed in Baedecker, or Murray, or Conti, reads the description of the sight he has come to see, satisfies himself that the guide-book is accurate, and—prepares to go away.

Suddenly a new person appears. Sometimes a pompous German Herr Professor or a sweet-tongued Italian cicerone, or a quick-witted Paris gavroche.

Then the guide-books are discarded and under the direction of their new friends, John and his party begin to enjoy their sight-seeing. Now for the funny anecdotes, the pithy appreciations, the droll or racy explanation of hitherto unnoticed details. This is travelling indeed.

And if the cicerone is of the genuine sort he wants nothing for his time and trouble. Indeed, he could find it in his heart to thank the travellers, for he has had his share of the treat; while they laughed at his sallies, he had his inner laugh at their habits, clothes, and manners, and although he is too polite to tell them so, he has also been "sightseeing."

Now then, John Bull, will you follow my lead? I shall take you all through Europe, and lift the curtains off the concealed pictures for you, and tell you how the strings are drawn that move the puppets: you will get the best of the show.

But remember, old boy, if you accept my offer, it will be a case of give and take: I will show the others up to you, but will also hold the mirror up to your own good-natured, stolid face, and tell you everybody's candid opinion about your behaviour abroad.

Is this an agreement? All right. Then let us take a look round together:—

French Novels.

John is on his way to Paris.

Comfortably reclining in his seat he has a book in his hand, and is evidently enjoying it. Mrs. Bull is also reading, and Arthur and Jenny are similarly engaged.

What *are* they reading? . . . . What *ought* they to read?

This is no indifferent question. When you are going to visit a country, and intend to get acquainted with it, not only superficially, but penetrating it's national soul, you must begin by mastering some of its literature.

Well, peep over John's shoulder. He prides himself on his superior culture, and, having his crotchets about what a Republic ought to be, he is refreshing himself with extracts from Plato. Excellent reading, no doubt, but the notions he may gather about Republican government will perchance be rather antiquated.

Mrs. Bull and Jenny are, of course, deeply interested in a love story. English novels are always about love: that is one point. The next is, that they teem with lords and ladies, or, at least, millionaires. Cheap English literature never deals with anything beneath the upper ten thousand. And, lastly, they describe such a quantity of tea-drinking, such a number of dinners, such an amount of lunching and supping, that if one took them as a picture of real English life one would imagine that every living creature in England must be a martyr to dyspepsia. What about Little Mary?

As for Arthur, he is improving his mind by reading "imperially," and when he closes his book he feels proud of being an Englishman—which is to his credit—and looks down upon every unfortunate person who has not achieved that distinction. Might one suggest to Arthur that this last sentiment is rather a vulgar one, and that he will find it reciprocated the world over, but only amongst the uneducated classes.

Now, what ought these good people to be reading, instead of the worthless trash they delight in?

I hardly dare speak my mind.

For, if I hinted to "John Bull" that Zola's "Germinal," for instance, or Frapie's "Maternelle," would afford him an opening into the social heart of France, allow him to understand the great working movement towards liberty and justice, he would probably turn round and abuse me for mentioning such a "filthy book."

And were I to propose Flaubert's "Madame Zovary," or any of the Goncourt's, or Margueritte's, or Maupassant's studies of "bourgeois" life for Mrs. John's perusal, her stony stare of disapproval would certainly freeze me to silence.

And yet such books are truly the fountain of life in France. Each of them has brought a new step in social progress and given a voice to the longing cry of the oppressed, shaming the powerful into doing their duty.

But John and his family will not consider this. They peruse the book, stick at every disagreeable or improper detail, and set the whole thing down as unfit for decent eyes. When they meet with sin, or wrong, or injustice, they quietly lay it aside, deny its existence, and walk on, perfectly satisfied with their own purity and virtue. John Bull is a capital hand at bleaching his sepulchres and setting them up for first-rate buildings. But when he sees another nation clearing such things away as nuisances, he lifts his eyebrows in disgust at the dust raised in the process.

John, my friend, Marianne is doing her big spring cleaning, and no mistake about it. She is something of a shrew: loud in voice and quick with the broomstick over her work, but it must be owned that she goes at it with might and main. Every dark corner is looked into—every rotting pestilence swept clean away.

So, if you feel too clean, too pure, too virtuous to witness the display do not come yet on the Continent. Stay at home and read your pleasant, chaste little novels, in which you will find no low people, no adultery, no disease, no prostitution, no sin, no social injustice, nothing, in fact, but

"Sugar and spice
And all that's nice."

Bury your head like the ostrich and make yourself happy.

But if you do come abroad, be prepared to walk into the toil and strife with your ears and eyes wide open. Read any of the leading books, then look around you, and see how it has made its mark on the public mind. See the eager competition towards progress, the long-standing prejudices on the wane, the new wistful longing for better things and higher aims.

And you will then confess that French novels are not quite what you thought them, nor French people exactly like their conventional portrait.

(To be continued.)

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

WALTER PATER: THE PAGAN.

By Frank Harris.

When I first heard that the life of Walter Pater in the "English Men of Letters" series was to be written by Mr. A. C. Benson, I was rather amused; there is a grotesque incongruity in the mere coupling of the names. Mr. Benson has learned a good deal since he wrote "Dodo"—that amusing skit on smart society—but what he has learned has taken him further and further away from Pater and further and further away from life. To ask the accepted and beneficed champion of Mrs. Grundy, the pietistic, priggish Eton don to write about the pagan Walter Pater was very much as if one asked a Casanova to write the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

Mr. Benson on Pater.

Messrs. Macmillan have been kind enough to send me the book, and I have read it as carefully as I could. The first 180 pages of it are taken up with a lengthy criticism of everything that Pater ever wrote. In these pages a mirror is held up to Pater's work wherein one sees, not the image of a man, nor the unfolding of a human spirit; but the titles of essays and books—floating wreckage in a sea of words. Here and there the confusion is made worse confounded by Mr. Humphry Ward's opinion of this or that, or the conviction of Mr. Warren that "a kind of placid piety somehow manifested itself in him (Pater)"; we are distracted, too, by the views of Dr. Bussell and Professor Bywater; we have to listen while we are told how Pater "sate" and talked with Lady This, or drank tea with Mrs. Doctor Gore.

I don't mean to say that Mr. Benson does not know better than he has written; he does. In the very last page of this interminable criticism he informs us that the "essay on Leonardo da Vinci," written in Pater's thirtieth year, was "the finest of all his essays," and if he had said "the finest of all his writings" he would have been still nearer the truth. Mr. Benson loses himself and all sense of proportion in a flux of words. Sometimes the words are so curiously inappropriate and inexact that one stops to wonder whether they are to be attributed to sheer ignorance or to a deliberate intention to mislead. For instance, on page 14 Mr. Benson says that "in Winckelmann he (Pater) found one who could devote himself to the passionate contemplation of beauty, without any taint or grossness of sense," which simply shows how little Mr. Benson knows of Winckelmann. On page 54 I find these words: "Jowett, in spite of his genius . . . . was undoubtedly an opportunist." It must have been the alliteration that seduced Mr. Benson into talking of Jowett as a genius. There is worse than these slips; on page 213 I find the most inept, the most pretentious misjudging of Carlyle which has ever found its way into print. Carlyle, Mr. Benson says, had no "Catholicity of grasp"; "there was no restraint about his style . . . . his statement of preferences degenerated into a species of frantic bombast"—all of which might be said of Job and Dante and Shakespeare with equal truth, Mr. Benson; the precisely-dressed gentleman in Anglican Orders over-estimates the value to humanity of thin blood and self-restraint.

Personal Characteristics of Pater.

But after these 180 pages of pedantic criticism Mr. Benson comes at last to the personal characteristics of Pater, and here, as always, he drowns the sketch of Pater, which he perhaps might have made life-like, in a welter of words. He begins:—

"In younger days Pater was refined and dignified in appearance; there is an early photograph of him, shortly after he took his degree, with a soft eye, a serious gentle look, with regular rounded features. But this altered in later years; he became graver and heavier of aspect, and his face took on a character that has been described as 'Japanese,'" and so forth. We have here a picture of Pater with a soft eye and regular rounded features, an aspect that becomes heavier and graver. Now what similitude of man or ape can one get from that? We ask for an image, a likeness, and are offered a senseless blur. And the spiritual presentment of Pater is even worse. Let us get to the heart of the matter.

Pater's Paganism.

Sooner or later even Mr. Benson must face the fact of Pater's paganism, and this is how he talks of it:—

"There was at Oxford in the days of Pater's early residence a certain æsthetic movement, a species of renaissance, in which the creed of beauty was strongly insisted upon. In some members of the circle that was thus affected this resulted in much extravagance of thought, and in some it had even worse results in loosening the principles of morality, and judging action by the canons of what was held to be beautiful. It is a difficult subject to treat discreetly, because the *epigoni* of the school, in certain notorious instances, ended in complete moral and social shipwreck. With the extravagances and excesses of the school it is needless to say that Pater, a man of scrupulous conscience and a high standard of moral delicacy, had not the slightest sympathy; but his love of paradox, his recklessness of irony, unquestionably led him to say things which could be unhappily distorted and misapplied, and which, not in his own case, but in the case of those who heard and exaggerated them, were capable of being construed in a serious light, and the utterance of which may be said to have justified both anxiety and distress. Here, as elsewhere, the true Pater is to be seen in his writings, and not in his ironical *dicta*. And any careful student of his deliberate thoughts finds no difficulty in discerning the delicacy and the loftiness of his view. He refused, it is true, to take a conventional view of the principles of art; but though the essential purity of art can be distorted into a wild appetite for beautiful impressions and sensual experience, it can yet be safeguarded and kept in a high and austere region, in which the lower impulse is entirely inconsistent with the grave appreciation of beauty.

In the æsthetic movement, Pater concerned himself solely with the doctrine; but at the same time it is undeniably true that the leaders of a movement are always judged by the extravagances of their followers; and the anxiety and even suspicion with which Pater's views were at one time regarded in Oxford were due to the fact that those with whom he was in a certain sense in sympathy on the higher æsthetic grounds, applied the doctrine of beauty to a recklessness of practice which Pater not only condemned, but the contemplation of which both disgusted and appalled him. It is better to have no misconception on this point. It is as unfair to think of Pater as in sympathy with the decadent school as it is to attribute to the original teachers of Predestination the immoral distortion of the doctrines which disgraced some of their fanatical sectaries. When the whole movement has, so to speak, shaken down, when we can look dispassionately at the part which the æsthetic school has played in the mental development of the age, we shall be able, while we condemn wholeheartedly the excesses of the advanced disciples, to discern the part that Pater and the other leaders of the movement played in setting the deliberate appreciation of beauty, the sedulous training of the perceptions in the discrimination of the subtle effects of impassioned art, in its right place among the forces which tend to the ennobling of human character and temperament."

Of course, all this is as bad as bad can be; false from beginning to end; nothing true in it, not even "the whole-hearted condemnation" of Mr. Benson himself, for he really means "conventional" when he speaks of "whole-hearted." But Mr. Benson will say worse than this about Pater. He will go further even than "the

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placid piety" of his friend the illustrious President of Magdalen; he will tell us in a very precious and edifying passage that though "there was no sort of evidence that Pater had any thought of Anglican Orders, or that he was tending towards Roman Catholicism . . . . he was yet deeply penetrated by the perfect beauty and holiness of the Christian ideal, and reposed in trembling faith on 'the bosom of his Father and his God.'"

Now this is not a caricature or a mere perversion of the truth; this is the lie hypocritical; the lie with circumstance and pietistic snuffle. Everyone who knew Pater heard him talk a hundred times of Christianity as "a beautiful disease," a sort of moral leprosy with shining white scales, just as Theophile Gautier talked of it. Mr. Benson has to admit this fact: has even to admit that Pater wrote in all seriousness these very words; but he is simply incapable of understanding that anyone gifted with intellectual sympathies as Pater was, should contemn or even under-rate Christianity. Pater's attitude towards the Christian belief was very much like Goethe's attitude towards Luther: thinking of all the evil Luther did, and all the needless heat and bigotry he imported into his Protestantism, Goethe declared that it would have been better for humanity if Luther had never been born. In the same way the faults of Christianity, its superstitions, its bigotry, its infantile morals, obscured to Pater the extent and power of its influence for good. Goethe saw that the beautiful included the good, and not the good the beautiful, and Pater, a high priest of beauty if ever there was one, felt any intrusion of ethics into his creed as a sort of stain. The suggestion, therefore, of "Anglican Orders," and the "perfect beauty and holiness," and so forth, are absolutely unforgivable. But as it needs the true image and likeness of a man to drive out of currency and common acceptance the caricature and false image of him, let me try very briefly and simply to rough out for my readers a true presentment of Walter Pater as he lives in my memory.

Walter Pater: the Pagan.

Walter Pater is best seen in a pencil sketch of Will Rothenstein: a mere outline framing the tyrannous, huge forehead and the large bony chin; the bare line with its economy and reticence haunts one—full of suggestion. The whole bleak face is tantalizing-mysterious, like a mask; the lips, hidden by the brush-like heavy moustache, excite curiosity; the eyes are not even indicated—one sees nothing but the eyelids, and yet, like the shuttered windows of a house, this secrecy is arresting, hints at enigma, draws one to question. Even in life one divined rather than noticed the heavy animal lips; but the grey-green, lifeless, compelling eyes, with their occasional naked stare, solved the riddle. The jaw was strong enough to keep the desires in leash, and so the great dome of forehead, where thoughts poised and swung bird-like on rhythmic-lovely wings, came to mastery. It might almost be said that Pater's thinking was a form of sensual self-indulgence; a spasm-jet of temperament frozen to rigidity by an austere will. But why this lava crust of self-restraint, binding and containing the volcanic fiery flood of an inordinate desire? The explanation is very simple and purely physical. The man's heart was weak, his circulation languid; he died of heart-failure at fifty-five, in spite of a quiet, regular life; his shyness; his recluse habits; his horror of contradiction or argument; his comparative disingenuousness—all cowardice, mere timidity. Had he been born with a strong heart, pumping hot, generous blood through his veins, he might have been a world-artist, another Goethe. He seemed at times half to realise his own shortcoming. "Had I So-and-So's courage and hardihood," he cried once, "I'd have——" Suddenly the mood changed, the light in the eyes died out, the head drooped forward again, and with a half-smile he added, chuckling, "I might have been a criminal, he, he," and he moved with little careful steps across the room to his chair and sat down.

But if not a great man, what was he? Has Pater a place in English literature? Did he withdraw from men and give himself to writing with infinite care and an extraordinary sense of beauty only to miss the supreme reward? I cannot think so. Mr. Benson tells us that he was a wretched critic of art, and did not know Da Vinci's work from that of his pupils. Weightier objections might be brought into the balance: his "Plato and Platonism" is feeble, his "Marius the Epicurean" dull, but in his "Renaissance" there is a page or two and perhaps twenty scattered sentences which must pass into the language, must be absorbed by the national character, before they can be allowed to die away into the silences. Pater's place, then, is secure; he will live among English men of letters for ever, and the attempted whitewashing of the little pedagogue people, like the whitewashing of Alhambra ceilings, is a desecration.

Some will say it is his style that saved Pater; but I find nothing in his style which is not in his nature. The sensuality is there, and the austere self-restraint and the precision of timidity and the love of musical rhythm—the plain chant of a sober-sensuous imagination. In the great page to which I refer, of the "Renaissance" the thought is not only new but profoundly true, and the style is rather like the way Pater used to dress—a little too studied to be perfect. Max Beerbohm has touched this defect in the centre when he said that "Pater handled English as if it were a dead language"; his speech is never facile or fluent, it is too careful, too laboured; the garment does not seem to have been worn before, and here and there it clothes the thoughts too tightly to be graceful.

A great deal that is interesting must yet be said about Pater before he comes to his own, but this is not the place to say it; nor, indeed, has the time arrived to speak with complete frankness about him. I have only sought here to interpret spiritually that portrait of Rothenstein which, with all its bareness, does give one the man in his habit as he lived, the physical appearance of him, and at the same time I wish to protest against a feeble, foolish caricature, a buzz of talk about him futile and insincere, excuses which are impertinent, an apology which is an insult. Walter Pater was no conventional lay figure, but a man; his influence was a liberating influence; out of the prison of Puritanism he helped to lead us into the sunlight and daisy-starred meadows of life, and the Humphry Wards and the Warrens and the Bensons and all their kind have nothing to do with him—nothing. Let them write of each other and so fulfil their fate; or let each of them write about himself: Warren's book on Warren would reach immortality by dint of dulness; Benson's book on Benson would run to ten thousand volumes, and still tell us nothing; and Humphry Ward's book on Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward—imagination boggles at it.

AWAKE, SWEET ROSE.

I.

Awake, why sleepest thou, sweet rose?
Thou should'st thy tender leaves unclose
And scent the night.
My love is coming from the Fair,
To bring me ribbons for my hair
And bodice white.

II.

The cherries in the orchard fling
Their blooms around, while night birds sing
In their delight.
To meet his mate the black bat goes,
Then wake, why sleepest thou, sweet rose?
Oh, scent the night!

Vera Canute.

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FOR JOHN BULL'S WOMEN-FOLK.

By. Mrs. John Bull.

[*Mrs. Bull will be pleased to receive from her women readers suggestions and contributions for this page.*]

When a man's temper is bad, it is put down to his liver. When business is bad, the fault is now laid at the door of the motor-car. The summer season ought to have been a good one for trade, but the air is full of grumbles. It is true the Queen has been in mourning, but the King was about a great deal, the social world bristled with entertainments, the restaurants were never more crowded, and the weather was perfect. What more was needed to make the season a success?

Yet we are told business was disappointing. "Why so?" I inquired of the head of a large West End florist's establishment; "how do you account for it?" A shrug of the shoulders and the usual remark, "The motor-car. The facilities of the machine enable people to spend more time away from home, and consequently they entertain less."

Afterwards I discussed the season with the junior representative of an old-established City warehouse, where blouses, shirts, and lace are the specialties. He had the same story to tell. "Business was not what it ought to have been." "But blouses have been worn by the thousand," I argued, and lace was never so fashionable as it is to-day. Why should business be bad?" I might have guessed his answer. "Oh, the motor-car has had a lot to do with it. You see, anyone of any standing is obliged to do as others do and have a motor, even though the expense of upkeep can be ill afforded. In many cases a saving has to be made in other directions, and it sometimes comes off the wife's dress allowance. It doesn't much matter how queerly she dresses in a motor." Alas! poor car.

The theatrical ball is rolling again, and, happily, the matinée hat question seems to have been satisfactorily settled. I am looking forward to Mr. Hall Caine's play at Drury Lane, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the star, and Mr. Henry Ainley among her supporters. This young actor has had a very busy time lately, now as Cassio, now as Orlando, now playing in "The Shulamite," now at the Court Theatre, extracting teeth in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell." If there were many such handsome young dentists about, I fancy they would not have so slack a time as the man in the play. Mrs. Campbell, by the way, had planned to go to America, but yielded to the temptations of "The Bondman." Her daughter, it will be remembered, was presented at one of the summer Courts, and very pretty she looked dressed all in white. She is named after her mother, "Stella."

The old superstition about peacock's feathers boding ill-luck has suffered defiance at the hand of fashion; but the vogue of using the gay plumage of birds on millinery is only charily followed, although the feathers are tinted to all sorts of "dead" tones. Frankly, it gives me pleasure to see the tuft of peacock's feathers, the ribbon bow, or high branch of fruit or flowers, taking the place of the aigrette, against the wearing of which the humane have so long preached to deaf ears, and I rejoiced the other day to read that the American President had been writing on the subject, and that Mrs. Roosevelt, like our Queen, is among the converts to the anti-osprey league.

There are fashions, like the blouse, for instance, that live on for years and years, and have a way of tricking the prophets who predict their early demise; and there are fashions that, like the butterfly, die young. The corselet costume seems likely to belong to the latter class, for already French dressmakers are turning their backs upon corselet skirts; but they are doing great things with Empire and princesse effects, which lend themselves most excellently to portrayal in velvet, and we have now, of course, reached that point of the calendar that marks the beginning of the velvet season. One of the creations of a famous Paris firm is a rose-red velvet gown, cut *en princesse*, and made with a tight, perfectly plain pinafore bodice, low and rounded at the neck, sleeveless, and scooped out under the arms to show the chemisette of fine lace that brings the gown high to the throat. The loose sleeves of lace are drawn in at the elbows and finished with frills, and the chemisette is supplied with a transparent collar-band held well up with jewelled supports.

Talking of Empire gowns, how beautiful is the toilette that Edna May has been wearing in "The Belle of Mayfair." It is an adaptation of the Empire mode, and is composed of tulle worked with pearls. The great feature of the design is the arrangement of some long scarves, which, bordered with pearl garniture on either side, hang down the skirt, and are secured with pearl ornaments.

Toilet recipes, composed by Empresses and famous beauties, have been handed down from generation to generation, and it is no news to most of us to know that Poppœa, Nero's wife, made a beauty paste consisting of wheat flour and asses' milk, and that the great Cleopatra is said to have invented bears' grease pomade. If this famous character was anything like her counterfeit presentment in clay before which I stood lately she was certainly not beautiful; but her hawk-like nose and other featural characteristics hint at indomitable will power, and no doubt she had irresistible fascinations. At any rate, she was woman enough not to be above making the best of herself by the aid of toilet arts, and preserved her complexion with the unguent already mentioned. The topic of Cleopatra and pomades reminds me that the brilliant Lady Mary Wortley Montague once suffered discomfort from the use of a toilet cream that, though famed for its good effect on the complexion, disagreed very considerably with her own. In one of her letters from Belgrade to a friend in London, she wrote: "As to the balm, I will certainly send for some; but it is not so easily got as you suppose, and I cannot, in conscience, advise you to make use of it. I know not how it comes to have such universal applause. All the ladies of my acquaintance at London and Vienna have begged me to send pots of it to them. I have had a present of a small quantity of the best sort, and with great joy applied it to my face, expecting some wonderful effect to my advantage. The next morning the change indeed was wonderful; my face was swelled to a very extraordinary size, and all over as red as my Lady H——'s. It remained in this tormentable state three days, during which you may be sure I passed my time very ill. I believed it never would be otherwise. However, my face is since in statu quo; nay, I am told by the ladies here that it is much mended by the operation, which, I confess, I cannot perceive in my looking-glass. For my part, I never intend to endure the pain of it again; let my complexion take its natural course, and decay in its own good time."

A simple toilet hint (that, if followed, cannot do harm even if it does not do good) for preserving the contour of the face young-looking, is to rub upwards, and use the towel in circles when drying the face, the object being to prevent the formation of strongly-marked downward lines, which tend to age the appearance. Finger massage, coupled with the use of a simple, nourishing skin food, will do wonders for the complexion.

According to the following, we should only eat green peas with duck. A friend despatched her servant, a week ago, for one of those little brown jugs of cream that are usually to be bought at dairies and grocers. The girl returned empty-handed, having failed to fulfil her mission. "No cream?" said her mistress, with surprise. "No, mum. They tells me that strawberries is out of season."

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JOHN BULL'S OPEN POST-CARDS.

[*This being the holiday season,* John Bull *is too lazy to write long letters, so he proposes to keep in touch with his friends by means of post-cards—more or less pictorial in their character.*]

XVI.

To Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Metallurgist.

Deer Andru,—It is with mutch regret I notis that yu have exprest hi aproval ov the practikal rekognishon ov the speling reform muvment in Amerikah bi President Roosvelt. Not that yur apruval or non-apruval matters any way, but I think that a man with so mutch moni oht to no beter. Besides, yur akshon is foolish, for yu hav given so mani libraris away that speling reform wil make awl the novels and uther improving literatur in them old fashond.

Being a grat literari authoriti, yu wil no that clasikal skolars spe(e)k ov the lait Mr. Jefre(e) Chawser az the wel ov Inglish undefild. Jefre(e) I may say, was wun ov the most remarkabel speling reformers hu ever lived in this grat kuntri. For instans, konsider a sampel from "The Wif ov Bathes Tale":

"Loke who that is most vertuous alway,
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay,
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And take him for the gretest gentilman."

Az yu wil se, ther is inuf speling reform in this bucketful ov imortal poetri from the wel ov Inglish undefild to start a nu speling b in a Cownti Kownsil Skool, and yet Jefre cudent mak posteriti tak to it, for az soon az ever they got the chans they began inventing a nu stile, which is with us yet (barring the *Star* and uther misgidid treatizes, hu wil insist on speling "programme" bi loping orf the "me" and plaing uther funny joks with the langwij.)

I onli menshon this az a warning to yu, so that yu and President Roosvelt, like Jefre, may be prepard to meet yur fat.—I am, deer Andru, yur umble and most disobedyunt servant,

Jon Bul.

XVII.

To Sir Antony MacDonnell.

Sir,—I have read with grave anxiety the news, tucked away in a remote corner of one of the morning papers, that there are signs of a failure of the potato crop in the West of Ireland. It is not presented as a sensation, but as a plain and sober statement of fact. I hope the worst will not happen. The horrors of the Irish potato famine of 1848 linger in my memory. England has learned much since then, and, whatever happened, the terrible tragedy of those dark days could never be repeated. But the failure of the potato crop in the West of Ireland to-day would complicate a situation which the present Government are pledged to solve, and probably force their hands at a time when all the country knows that you, probably the most brilliant, sympathetic administrator Ireland has known for many a long day, are slowly, earnestly, and bravely building up the grand citadel of Irish liberty. On you is the chief burden. On the Government is the great responsibility. You are even now at the threshold of your life's achievement. To you, many and varied talents have been given. From you, much is expected. Press on. England wants to be generous to Ireland, for she has turned from the old paths, and the new will lead her to the light. My hopes and confidence are with you. Justify them, and there is no name in the history of Ireland which will shine brighter for the people now, and for the generations to come, than yours.—I am, sir, your well-wisher,

John Bull.

XVIII.

To the Rev. Copeland Smith, West London Mission.

Sir,—Above all things in this world I like a man who has the courage of some of his convictions, and I gather from various newspaper reports that some of yours run in the direction of the statement that music halls which permit ladies to celebrate the "entente cordiale" on large salaries by exhibiting the human form divine in patent enamel tend to shock and outrage the morals of the great B.P. Another conviction of yours appears to be that other music halls which set up in counter attraction ladies who pretend to derobe prior to pretending to retire to their downy pillows or their bath, also tend to shock the morals and inflame the imaginations of my wife, and my sons, and my daughters, and peradventure of my grandmother.

As the father of a large and growing family, I am not disinclined to agree with you, adding, of course, that ladies and gentlemen and others who feel shocked by these exhibitions can always save their money and stay away. And let me ask you, sir, do you not forget the high claims of the pure in art? The ladies who earn large salaries by the performances you mention are presumably so beautiful that they feel they owe a duty to the world in which they live to let it see them in their complete aspect, sometimes on the top of a pedestal, and sometimes amid the ecstatic surroundings of the chambre-a-coucher and the boudoir.

Mark Twain, you will remember, once made a speech about ladies. "Wheresoever you place woman, sir," he said, "in whatsoever position or estate, she is an ornament and a treasure to the world. Look at Cleopatra! Look at Desdemona! Look at Florence Nightingale! Look at Joan of Arc! Look at Mother Eve—well, you need not look at her unless you want to." These, sir, are my sentiments also, and I beg that you will accept my assurance of the sincerity with which I hold them,

John Bull.

XIX.

To Mr. L. C. M. Amery.

Sir,—Though I do not know you personally, I am gratified to hear that, by reason of felicitous circumstances over which you had no control; probably, indeed, by the direct intervention of a merciful Providence, your funeral has not yet taken place, and therefore I am sure your friends will kindly accept from me this (the only) intimation.

You appear to have been indulging in that form of the higher and physical culture known as mountaineering, and foolishly selected the Alps, which you should have known are exceedingly slippery. Your guide fell thirty feet, and when he got to the bottom wished he hadn't. Happily, you kept your feet and refrained from following him into the cold and pitiless abyss, where even posterity might have failed to find you, and where you would never have been able to revise your ("Times") History of the Boer War. Though I do not mountaineer myself—not if I know it—I am sufficiently aware, by watching greater heroes through opera glasses from the foot of the snow-clad peaks of time, of the folly of anyone indulging in this form of holiday unless he can hold on. We all have our ups and downs in life, but personally I prefer downs with the minimum of unwarning bumps The way of life, sir, is to seek the lines of least resistance, and in the future I trust you will do so.

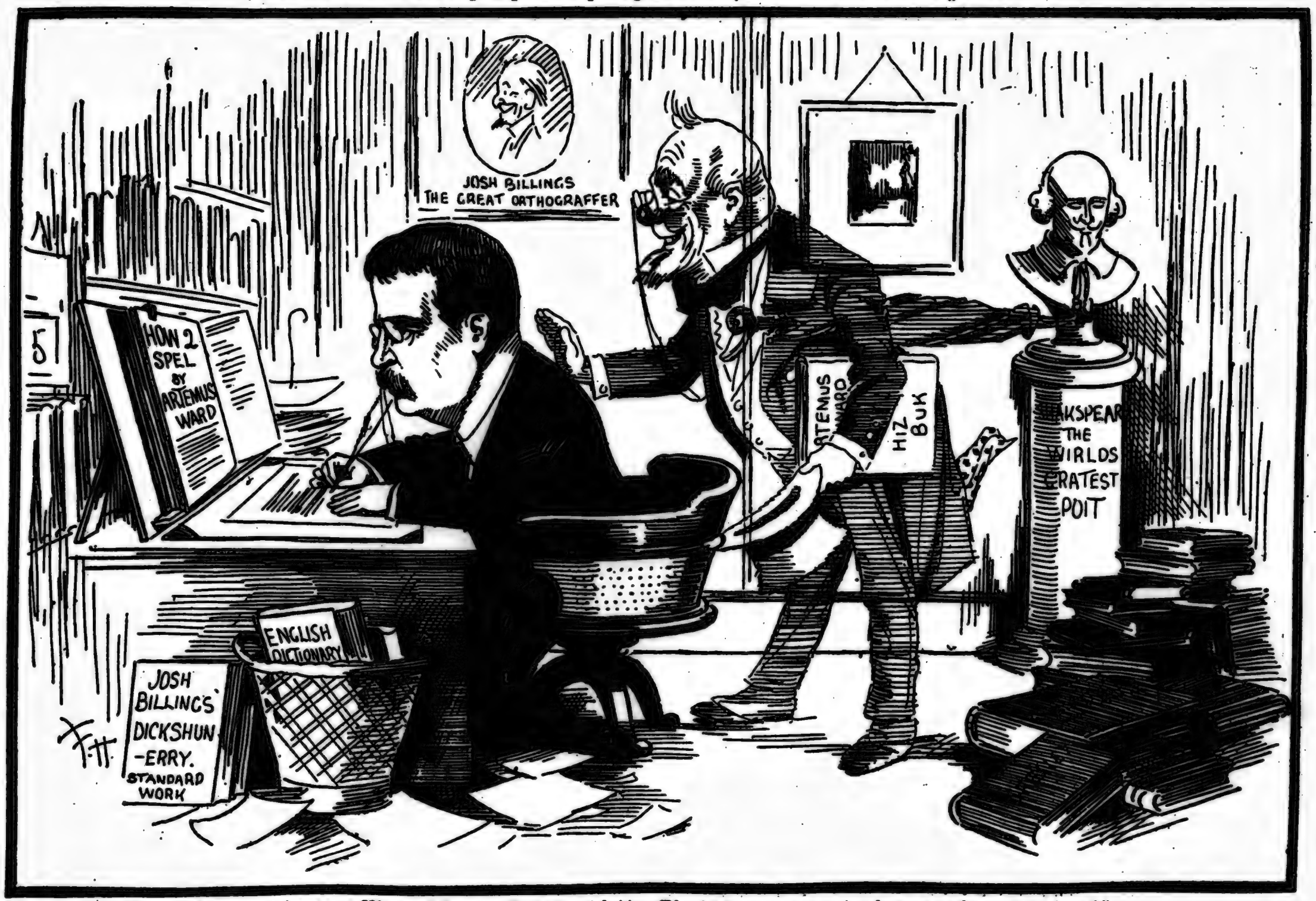
For the rest, it is about time that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals inserted large notice boards all over Switzerland, "These mountains are Unreliable," or provided mountaineers with some sort of stickfast to glue them to the sides when the snow gives way, in order to save anxiety and funeral expenses to their sorrowing friends and relatives.—Believe me, sir, yours faithfully,

John Bull.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

FUN-ETIC SPELLING.

(President Roosevelt has adopted phonetic spelling, and henceforth it will be used in all official documents.



SHADE OF ARTEMUS WARD: *"Brayvo, Teddie, mi boi! Thanks 2 you, mi geenius has got reckernized at larst!"*

BYE-WAYS IN BOHEMIA LAND.

Comedies and Tragedies of London Life.

By S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald.

Author of "The Love Thirst of Elaine," "Fame the Fiddler," "A Tragedy of Grub Street," "Stories of Famous Songs," "Stories of Famous Fairy Tales," etc., etc.

No. IV.—THE STORY OF AN UNPUBLISHED SONG.

Some years ago a long, gaunt, weird-looking man was a familiar figure at "The Man of Means," and in the thoroughfares stretching in and out and to and from the Strand and Oxford Circus—Regent Street and the Strand being his favourite promenades. At first his curious get-up and general appearance caused pedestrians to turn and gaze after the dreamy Bohemian, with his long flowing grey hair, Inverness cape, and semi-sombrero hat, but in time he paraded his haunts almost unnoticed.

I knew him very well, and in the early days we were more than acquaintances—we were faithful friends, but he was a reticent man, and rarely invited confidences or imparted them. At this period he was singing in the chorus of the most popular comic-opera house of the day. He was doing so to gain experience of the stage, as he was very ambitious and looked forward with enthusiasm and confidence to the time when he should have one of his own pieces running at the same theatre. Already he had published several songs that had met with no small meed of success, and very soon it was predicted of him that he would make a name for himself. But apart from the small salary he received at the theatre as chorister and understudy, and the few royalties coming in from his songs, he had a regular income, left him by his mother, of two pounds a week, so that in the Bohemian circle to which many of us belonged he was looked up to as the millionaire, and as "the millionaire" he was frequently addressed.

Now it fell about that at this time he became enamoured of the lady who was the leading contralto of the company; her name was Nora—Nora Craig, I remember, a beautiful, sympathetic girl, twenty-two years of age—and she fervidly returned his passionate affection. Of course, from a mere chorus-singer, a protestation of love might have been received by her with scorn, but they had met at friends' houses and Sunday gatherings, and were cronies more or less before thoughts of love entered the head and heart of either of them. Moreover, she knew his worth, his genuine qualities, his talents, and why he had entered the theatre in such a minor capacity. However, for her sake, when they became privately engaged, he left the stage, and devoted himself entirely to music and particularly the composition of a comic-opera—his cherished idea—having obtained what he was pleased to consider a suitable libretto. The fact is, I wrote it myself, and thus was brought into daily contact with him; and he told me shyly, diffidently, of his love, his aspirations, and all that makes life idealistic to the artistic and hopeful young minds and souls. We worked together splendidly, and I anticipated great things from the work as it progressed, and saw fortune and fame looming in the distance for us both.

Nora Craig and he were as loving and happy a couple as ever roved in Cupid's garden; naturally to his lady-love he wrote many songs, but one in particular, a tender, sadly sweet, yet joyous song that haunts me even to this day. He wrote the words himself—a veritable triumph of heart inspiring the brain, and, did I not think it sacrilege, I would print the lyric here. But I cannot. There are feelings that cannot be expressed, there are memories that are too sacred for utterance.

He wrote the song and made two copies of it. One he gave to Nora, after whom he had named the song, the other he kept himself. Though he was never tired of singing this delightful love-lay everywhere he went, he would not publish it. This was not to happen until their wedding day, when every guest should be presented with a copy. It was a sentimental notion, that they both rejoiced in and looked forward to with much happiness.

Then came a little interruption to their dream. Nora Craig was under contract with her manager for three years, and her contract included a clause to the effect that if she were required to go to America she would have to go. There was no getting away from the fact, and consequently she was compelled to leave England for quite five months. Nora and her lover were distracted at the thought of parting, but as it was impossible for him to go, part they must, and so they parted, and a terrible heart-rending scene it proved. For days after the ship had gone, my friend was prostrated with grief and full of strange forebodings and illusions. However, these passed away after a while, and we got to work on the opera again, I being regaled at intervals with snatches of "Nora," sung in a sweet baritone voice by the composer himself, together with praises of his absent mistress, her beauties, and her virtues. They corresponded regularly, as you may guess—letters arriving and departing by almost every New York mail, and the love-making went on famously by correspondence.

Eight weeks after Nora had departed and we had nearly finished the first act of the opera, an ominous thing happened. We were living in the same house, in Guilford Street, Bloomsbury, and on this fateful occasion my friend walked into my bedroom and woke me in the middle of the night. He was whiter than death itself, yet he spoke quite calmly. He said, "I have had a dream—Nora is dead," and left me. I confess that at the moment I was frightened myself. In the morning I rushed to the cable office to wire over to New York for tidings. He was there before me, and together we waited the reply. It came—

"Nora Craig died yesterday of rheumatic fever."

We left the office together, unspeakable, unspeaking. He went home with me. I packed his trunk for him, and he went to New York to bury her. For two years I lost sight of him, and when I met him again in the Strand, he was a prematurely old man. He just grasped my hand once, and then went his way. Ever after that he avoided me; I think because I reminded him too much of the days that were no more. I respected his unuttered wish, and passed him many a time with a wrenching sigh for the dead and gone. Many times I made overtures to address him, to ask him how he fared, where he lived—but he would never answer, except with his eyes that filled with tears and bade me not seek him out. After many years of his daily, aimless wandering, he went God knows whither. He must have died suddenly, I think. Very likely he met with an accident, and was killed. I know not, though I hunted everywhere and inquired at every hospital and police court for information.

"Nora" was never published and the opera was never finished, nor ever will be. It lies buried in my desk, and the song rests in my heart—for between true men-friends there is much love.

A Merry Christmas for "John Bull" Readers.—*For particulars of our Great Christmas-Box Scheme see page 2 of cover. One Thousand £5 Notes for "John Bull" readers. No competition, but equal opportunity for all. No reason whatever why you should not have a £5 Note on Christmas Eve. Please read page 2 of cover. It will interest you. The scheme is unique. And it is honest and genuine.*

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THE SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF BERTRAM SMYTHE.

By Ward Muir.

To throw a purse out of the window of a railway carriage does not, at first sight, strike one as being a very sensible action. When it is added that the purse was bulging with cash, the whole affair becomes more mysterious still.

Bertram Smythe was hard up—that was the truth. Because he was hard up, he threw the purse away.

He was mad? Not a bit of it. Bertram Smythe was one of the brainiest blackguards in England when he threw that purse away.

The fact is, the purse did not belong to Bertram Smythe. It belonged to the charming damsel who sat opposite Bertram Smythe in the railway carriage—the charming damsel who had been unwise enough to count her money in public, subsequently to go to sleep with the bulging purse on her lap, and finally to allow it to slide down upon the floor of the compartment, at the guileful Bertram Smythe's very feet. There you have the situation in a nutshell. For, as has been said, Bertram Smythe was hard up, with the hard-upness peculiar to racecourse "swell mobsmen" of the Bertram Smythe breed after a bad day on the Turf. He had had an eye on that purse ever since its owner entered the compartment. Fate had now delivered it into his hands.

He dropped his handkerchief on the floor, deftly picked up purse and handkerchief together, rested his hand momentarily on the ledge of the open window, and, as already recorded, threw the treasure-trove out. If his fair *vis-à-vis* awoke and discovered her loss, what evidence would there be against him? She might accuse him when they reached London; she might have him arrested, and even searched. It would avail nothing. His ingenuity had at one stroke secured the "swag" and got rid of the evidence against himself. Later, he would return along the railway line, find the purse—he had marked the exact spot where it had fallen—and enjoy the proceeds.

Thus planned Bertram Smythe.

And, as he smiled to himself at his own ingenuity, the damsel awoke.

"Now for a scene!" thought Bertram Smythe, studiously burying himself in his evening paper.

But there was no scene.

The lady awoke placidly—one might even say prettily. It is not everybody who can awake from an impromptu snooze prettily. But one could see that this young lady was versed in the art of doing most things prettily.

First of all, she straightened her hat and patted her hair—for even the prettiest awakener cannot resist these manœuvres. Then she helped herself to a chocolate from a box which lay at her side. Then she felt on her lap for her purse—and, of course, did not find it.

A shade of surprise—a pretty shade of pretty surprise—flitted across her pink-and-cream visage. She gazed at her lap; gazed on the seat; lifted the chocolate box and gazed underneath it; gazed at the floor; gazed at the rack overhead; and finally—this was to be expected—gazed at Bertram Smythe.

"Have you seen my purse?" she asked, sweetly.

Bertram Smythe lowered his newspaper. "Your purse?" he repeated, with childlike surprise. "Have you lost a purse?"

"The purse I was counting that money from, a few minutes ago," she responded.

The hint that he must have seen the purse was unmistakeable.

"It can't have gone very far," quoth Bertram Smythe, heartily. He laid down his paper, and made diligent search for the missing article. In his kind solicitude he even went the length of going down on his hands and knees and groping beneath the seats. His activity was unrewarded—which probably surprised him less than it did the lady.

"It's very odd," she said. "I had it in my hand a moment ago, and now it's gone—vanished into thin air!"

"Extraordinary!" sympathised Bertram Smythe. "I hope it didn't contain much money." He was an expert fibber, was Bertram Smythe.

"Fifteen pounds and some odd shillings and coppers," she told him.

"A great deal of money to be carrying about loose like that," he said, reprovingly.

"And the worst of it is, the money isn't mine," she went on. "It was all collected on the racecourse yesterday in aid of the fund for orphans—you know the Jockey League's fund, don't you?"

Yes, Bertram Smythe knew it. He began to feel a trifle mean. In moments of generosity—for even our swell-mobsmen have curious consciences of their own—he had subscribed to it himself.

"I'm one of the honorary secretaries of the fund," she pursued. "I was taking the money back to town, to hand it over to the head treasurer; and what I'll do now I don't know. I can't possibly replace it—I haven't fifteen pounds of my own in the whole world—and it will be awful if the orphans are cheated of it. Oh! I simply can't have lost that purse—I can't!" She began to grope about herself as Bertram Smythe had done—and equally fruitlessly.

Now, stealing from an apparently well-to-do young lady is one thing, but stealing from helpless orphans is another; and Bertram Smythe was one of those mysterious individuals who are quite capable of drawing the line at one sort of theft, and not drawing any line whatever at another. Besides—well, there was no denying the girl was pretty—prettier than he had thought at first, and prettier than ever in her distress. Grief became her, as Bertram Smythe soon had an opportunity of discovering; for, when her loss became indubitable, she dissolved into tears.

"What am I to do?" she sobbed. (Really, the sobs were extraordinarily fetching.) "What *am* I to do?"

"Look here!" Bertram Smythe had come to a desperate resolve. "I must confess. I stole the purse!"

"You stole it?" Two very round blue eyes, swimming with tears, were lifted to his. "You stole my purse?"

"That is the sort of chap I am," said Bertram Smythe, bluntly. "Let me tell you that it was extremely foolish of you to count so much money in a railway carriage. I stole the purse. But now that you've told me the money belongs to the orphans——"

"You'll give it me back?" she cried, gratefully. "Oh, thanks, thanks a thousand times! It was very wrong of you to steal it, of course; but I can see you are not a bad man at heart." And, not unnaturally, she held out her hand to receive her property.

Bertram Smythe flushed. How was he to explain that he had not got the purse, after all? How make clear the aim of his throwing it out of the window?

"You must trust me," he stammered. "I shall send you the money—send it you to-morrow—if you will give me your address. The fact is"—he began, as was his wont, to supply fiction to fill the gaps in his explanation—"the fact is, if I can have the use of the fifteen pounds till to-morrow, it will help me over a very difficult financial situation. I was tempted to take it for that very reason."

She gazed at him a little bewildered. Then, to his astonishment, she drew a card-case from the pocket of her dust-cloak, and produced a card. "My name and address are here," she said, simply. "Send the money to me to-morrow, by post." She smiled winningly. "I can trust you. I know an honest face when I see one. You may be a thief, in which case I am very, very sorry for you; but you have given me your word of honour not to cheat the orphans."

Bertram Smythe looked at the card. On it was inscribed "Miss Clements, 15, Strangeways Grove, Islington."

He put it in his pocket carefully. "I promise to send the money to-morrow," he said. His voice was a shade husky. He was touched at her simplicity, and vowed an inward vow that it should not be misplaced. He would pay the money back, or die in the attempt. And afterwards—who knows but they might meet again? If she would be his friend, might he not rise to higher things? This miserable swindling life of his, was it really worth the candle? Suppose he settled down and became a respectable member of society? Suppose he were to marry—to marry just such a girl as this, with trustful ways, and a pair of pathetic blue eyes? Nay, suppose this girl herself——"

But Bertram Smythe's edifying reflections were brought to a sudden termination by the arrival of the train at Herne Hill.

"I must get out here," he announced—in truth, regretfully.

She gave him her hand. "I trust you," she repeated. That was all.

And it took Bertram Smythe some time after he had left the train to forget those blue eyes and remember that pressing business would take him for a walk along the railway track to retrieve the purse.

* * * * * * *

It was a weary job, finding that purse; but he got it in the end, and at a late hour of the night arrived home at his lodgings, very tired and decidedly footsore. But the thought of those blue eyes, and how they would brighten

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when they beheld their money again, buoyed him up; and it was with unabated cheerfulness (born of a soothed conscience) that he put his latch-key in the door and mounted to his rooms.

Behold! on his mantelpiece was a registered letter. Opened, it revealed a cheque for fifty pounds—an old, wholly forgotten debt which a friend had taken it into his head to repay.

What luck! It seemed verily a reward for his good deed that afternoon. Bertram Smythe turned to look at the purse almost lovingly. It was a mascot.

"By Jove!" he said to himself, "I'll keep the purse. It isn't of any real value. Miss Clements won't mind me keeping it as a memento, as long as I send her back the money. I'll write her a letter, enclosing a cheque, and explain."

No sooner thought of than done. He sat down, penned a not unsentimental epistle to Miss Clements, enclosing a cheque for twenty pounds, saying that he was keeping the purse to be a perpetual reminder of their meeting, and begging her to accept the difference between her fifteen pounds and this twenty pounds as his subscription to the orphan fund. By the same post he despatched his friend's fifty-pound cheque to the bank, so that his own cheque, when presented the following day, would be honoured.

* * * * * * *

Three days later he was arrested, to his very genuine surprise, for uttering counterfeit coin. Alas, poor Bertram Smythe! He had merely been spending some of the sovereigns out of the purse—that was all. But they were bad, every one of them. The police would listen to no protests. The sovereigns he had spent had all been traced, and the ones found upon him, when he was searched, were like them—gilt on lead! The irony of the situation was that he could not explain where he had got the sovereigns. For it would obviously be absurd to have said he had stolen them.

He escaped with a fairly light sentence. The day he came out of prison he received a letter from Miss Clements. "Many thanks," it ran, "for your generous response to my trustfulness. You perceive now that you are not the only rogue who can look innocent. The police were close on my track. I was wondering how to get rid of that purseful of sovereigns, which I had failed to pass on the racecourse. I feared arrest on my arrival in London, so counted them over to arouse your cupidity, fell conveniently asleep, allowed you to steal the purse, saw you throw it from the window (a good idea, that!), and then, as it was safe out of the way, conceived the brilliant notion of working on your soft heart. Your cheque is cashed. I have bought two new gowns on the proceeds. The orphans and the secretaryship were, I need not remark, figments of my imagination. *Au revoir!* I feel sure we shall meet again."

"Kick me, somebody!" groaned Bertram Smythe.

But, as a matter of fact, they did meet again, a year later, in that locality where birds of this particular feather are so apt to flock together—namely, in the dock. However, that, being another story, does not concern us here.

THE END.

THE MORNING TUB—A WARNING.

By Herbert Snow, M.D.

"The Schoolmaster is abroad." So in Lord Lytton's *My Novel*, Dick Avenel, the rich parvenu, is constantly remarking. And the statement is infinitely better warranted now than it was in those days. When we receive the blue half-yearly paper for the local rates, we appreciate its full force. Doubtless we shall feel still happier when we have digested the rich treat in store for us, and have worried through the last scrimmage on the Education Bill—those of us, at any rate, who may survive.

But he is sometimes abroad in more senses than one. Before me lies the following circular notice lately issued by the head master of a popular and justly celebrated public school:

> "It is hoped that parents will co-operate with the school authorities in their endeavours to induce every boy in the school to take a cold bath in the mornings. The practice is healthy and invigorating, and will materially assist physical development."

Now this advice is eminently plausible. All true Britons entertain a profound respect for cold water—at any rate when intended for outward use. As to the inward, one can't speak with quite so much confidence. But with all that "the bearing of this here saying lies in the application of it," as Captain Bunsby sagely observed. And the application may be very mischievous indeed. For several reasons boys should not be indiscriminately dowsed in the manner indicated.

In the first place, we are not constructed like watches, all on the same pattern, as so many people, including the worthy pedagogue aforesaid, seem to think. No two of us are exactly or even approximately alike, in structure or in constitution. Hence it is utterly unsafe to pronounce comprehensive dogmas on any single detail of our life-habits, whether these concern food, clothing, temperature, or any other feature of the complex environment. There is no wiser or truer saying than the trite proverb, "What is one man's meat is another's poison."

In the second place, one cannot train the human plant, as a rule, very far in directions opposite to the creative fiat of Nature. If in the attempt successes are met with they will be scanty, and full tribute will be exacted for them. You can't really "harden," as the popular phrase is, very young children by cold douching in the nursery, especially in our austere climate. Some perhaps bear it without harm till they reach an age at which the cold tub is really beneficial. But the majority are hindered in growth, and deteriorated in health by too early and too rigid recourse to the practice. While in a few the shock is apt to lay the seeds of serious disease.

Thirdly, it must always be remembered that we now lead a highly artificial life, pent up for the most part in large cities, and continuously putting great strain on our nervous system.

I have known well-grown schoolboys suffer much injury through the cold morning bath, and feel it right to utter this warning against its abuse. To six boys out of ten, a cold douche at most seasons of the year would be beneficial. But the other four could only tolerate it in warm weather, and with reasonable precaution. I refer, of course, to healthy boys, not to those with organic disease. To the latter, the nerve-shock on the one hand, and the chill on the other, are both elements of danger. The test is, of course, the reaction. If a boy acquires a comfortable glow and sensations of pleasure after the cold tub, it has done him good. If he feels chilly and uncomfortable afterwards, it is harmful. Those who have by nature a weak circulation are commonly chilled and unhappy all the rest of the day. And what I desire particularly to insist on is that no amount of Spartan training will convert the one class into the other, although it may to some extent influence individuals on the border line.

But a further note of warning is surely needed, and that in quite another key. "Keep your eye on the rates." If this kind of thing is so publicly and emphatically advocated by the upper class schools, the others will naturally follow. So far I have not heard of any provision in the pending Education Bill for a cold douche at the public expense, compulsory all round. But doubtless the next one—I look for it about 1907—will remedy the deficiency; and the girls can't be left out.

Every child will, of course, require a separate clean towel, and Government inspectors must be on the spot to ensure that the rule is carried out. It stands to reason you should do something to ensure a good appetite for the free breakfast, and many of the bairns would thrive on the treatment. I fear that a good few wouldn't. But anyhow plenty of doctors will derive from the enactment a warm and comforting glow of satisfaction, even if the poor juveniles—not to mention the ratepayers—experience sensations entirely opposite.

A MODERN LOVE GIFT.

Audacious Damon, lucky boy,
  Stole many soft caresses,
But long in vain he strove to toy
  With Chloe's auburn tresses.

Till, pressed too hard, the yielding girl,
  Behind her ample head,
Severed (somehow) a golden curl,
  And, softly sighing, said:

"All other maidens now forswear,
  All lesser loves renounce;
Next to your heart this ringlet wear,
For, ah! 'tis genuine auburn hair
  At twelve and six an ounce!"

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THAT MYSTERIOUS TREASURE HUNT.

We have it on the authority of the Cardiff correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph* that one of the reasons why the "Xema" (sounds like a cure for a skin disease) did not sail before to discover Captain Jones' mysterious diamond island is that she was "waiting for a gas bag." We note with interest that directly Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie (the chairman of the Collis Diamond Syndicate, Ltd., which is perpetrating this hoax on the public) and his colleagues reached Cardiff and addressed the public by means of the reporters to the daily papers (who were invited to dinner) the good ship sailed.

Now that there is a lull in the excitement produced by the off-loading of the syndicate's shares, let us calmly consider the constitution of the concern. It was registered early last March with a capital of £25,000, divided into 24,500 ordinary shares of £1 and 10,000 deferred shares of 1s. each. Its objects then were general. A few days later, namely, on March 20th, William Griffith, of Aberystwith, mining engineer, entered into an agreement with Ernest Kenyon Collis, in which Griffith stated he was in possession of certain charts drawn and prepared by the late Captain Jones, and Collis declared he was promoting a syndicate to utilise them. It was therefore agreed that Griffith and Collis should place the charts in an envelope, seal it, and place it in charge of Lloyds Bank. For doing this, Griffith was to receive 4,000 of the fully paid ordinary £1 shares and 5,000 of the fully paid deferred 1s. shares of the syndicate. Griffith bound himself to take charge of the expedition, without fee, but upon the mine being located he is to receive the post of consulting engineer at £2,000 a year. Thus far Griffith.

And now for Collis, who has bestowed his name on the syndicate. Hardly was the ink dry on the agreement between Griffith and himself, when he made it over to the syndicate on the following terms :—

(*a*) Collis to receive 11,000 ordinary and 5,000 deferred shares for this cession.

(*b*) Collis to be appointed general manager of the syndicate at £2,000 a year for the first year, or at £2,000 a year or 2½ per cent. of its net profits for any subsequent years.

(*c*) Collis to receive £750 a year from the syndicate for supplying it with office accommodation and clerical assistance in his own offices.

(*d*) Collis to have an option on the syndicate's unallotted shares at £1 premium.

(*e*) Collis to receive £750 in cash to pay for all the expenses of promotion of the syndicate.

In connection with the last item, we would draw attention to the fact that the stamps and fees at Somerset House for the registration of the syndicate cost £74 12s. 6d., so that Mr. Collis has exactly £675 7s. 6d. to play with in promoting the concern, and this fact may account for the numerous press notices which he and his friends obtained and which enabled them, as we shall show, to off-load so many of their shares on the public.

It will be seen that, whatever happens, Mr. Ernest Kenyon Collis stands on velvet. He is making money all the time what with his £2,000 a year salary, for which he cannot possibly give any return here whilst the "Xema" is running its wild-goose chase; his £750 for giving the syndicate some space in his own offices, and his shares, for which he has done nothing except cede the agreement he made with Griffith to the syndicate.

What Mr. Collis has done, however, is to off-load about one-half of his ordinary shares on the public at various prices, and these were, together with about 7,000 of the syndicate shares, carved out into small lots and whole districts poisoned with them.

The original directors of the syndicate, who were also the signatories, consisted of two lady clerks and one male one, two accountants, a theatrical manager, and a broker. Last June these interesting personages gave way to

Captain A. L. Hughes Hughes, R.N., of the Constitutional Club, who held 4,000 ordinary shares, 500 of which he acquired from Mr. Collis.

Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, Bart. (Chairman), who appears to hold no shares at all.

Captain Frederick George Jackson, commander of the expedition, whose holding of 250 ordinary shares came out of Mr. Collis' vendor scrip.

Mr. Arthur Landsberg, who got 300 of Mr. Collis' shares, and

Mr. Arthur Brooks Larkins, who appears to hold no shares.

A director's qualification is, as a matter of fact, nil, so that Mr. Collis, by judicious parcelling out of 1,250 of his own ordinary shares, has managed to obtain three of his own creatures on the board, whose interests on paper outweigh those of the other dummies. Hence, no doubt, the extremely advantageous terms which, as we have shown, Mr. Collis has been able to secure for himself.

Well, by April 23rd, of this year, all the deferred shares of the company and 15,000 of its 24,500 ordinary shares had been allotted to Messrs. Griffith and Collis, in the following proportions—one-half of the deferred shares to each, 4,000 ordinary shares to Griffith and 11,000 ordinary shares to Collis. This left the company only 9,500 ordinary shares to dispose of. On the same date Collis had transferred 4,050 of his ordinary shares. This left him with 6,950 ordinary shares. Collis then planted a further 1,100 of his shares on the public before the syndicate sold any of its own. By May 21st he had thus reduced his holding from 11,000 to 5,850 ordinary shares. On May 23rd the company had disposed of 2,602 of its own shares—15s. paid, by June 25th a further 2,698 had been disposed of, and by July 20th the last lot (so far as we can ascertain) of 1,888 had been sold. The company had then sold 7,188 out of its 9,500 shares.

And how were Mr. Collis' and the syndicate's shares distributed? The *Financial News* in a recent issue gave a list of the principal shareholders, and it makes interesting reading. The syndicate published no prospectus—so that it and Mr. Collis must have disposed of their shares by means of the paid-for press notices or of private agents. As we have stated, they have between them sold 13,038 out of a possible 20,500 ordinary shares, Mr. Griffith still retaining his 4,000 and the balance of 7,462 being held as to 2,312 by the company and as to 5,150 by Mr. Collis.

Now, these 13,038 have been distributed far and wide amongst naval and military officers (active and retired), motor-'bus directors, stockbrokers, clergymen, engineers, bank managers, brewers, barristers, and last, but not least, Scotch judges. How this was done in so short a time: how, without the aid of any prospectus and merely on some old charts alleged to have been made by a man now dead, and marking a spot on the earth (locality undisclosed), where some treasure is to be found, we do not profess to know. Neither do we profess, even now, to understand how Madame Humbert was able to raise millions of francs upon the security of an empty safe; but we do know that the lady had, at any rate, a safe to show her dupes, whilst Mr. Collis and syndicate have up to the present moment merely some bits of paper to show, documents left behind him by a dead man, the right to which is at the outset claimed by his widow, who has announced her intention of claiming any discoveries made by the syndicate.

But the thing has been done, and we submit that, as a blind-pool venture of more than ordinary audacity, the Collis Diamond Syndicate, Limited, not only "takes the biscuit," but the contents of every factory that produces this particular form of pastry.

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BULL'S EYES.

Fiat Justitia, Ruat Ceiling. Under the heading, "M.P.'s Narrow Escape," we read that Sir Albert Rollit had just escaped being knocked over by a falling ceiling. But Sir Albert was "knocked over" by the Liberals at the last Election. Justice has been done; there was no need for the ceiling to fall.

Some curious evidence was given before the Sunday Trading Committee at Manchester. "People could not go to church without toffee to get through the sermon with. One parson could not preach without it." Now, if people sent "stickjaw" to some parsons we could understand the delicate allusion.

We read: "The prettiest hand in the world belongs to Mdlle. Marie de Castellane, who long ago dropped the family crest and went upon the stage." If dropping things is a sign of beauty, we know a "lady's help" who will carry off all the prizes—and drop them, too.

King Alfonso's nurse has his first tooth set in a ring, inscribed "My tooth to my nurse." Our own old nurse still cherishes the marks of our teeth on her arm. And doesn't it sound rather like a term of contempt—"My tooth to my nurse"?

A Manchester thief was found to have five ladies' belts round his waist, two round his arms, and ten yards of chiffon round his legs. But for the fact that he also had two pairs of trousers on, one might have supposed he had been out shopping with his wife.

In the seventeenth century Scottish bankrupts had to wear a suit of clothes half brown and half yellow. We can understand the bawbee not being overlooked, but why the absence of "siller"?

A quantity of snuff, to the value of £200 annually, is supplied to the House of Commons, but it appears under the disguise of "lamp-oil." To say a legislator is "up to snuff" is not necessarily to suggest anything low and flashy.

Said a foreigner lately: "I came to your shores a penniless wanderer a few years ago, but, thanks to my energy and enterprise, I leave your country £20,000 in debt." Wake up, John Bull!

It was stated recently in Parliament that the Naval manœuvres had knocked the Blue Water school into a cocked hat. This is certainly one way of amalgamating the two Services.

A wine merchant in Edingen having been proved guilty of adulteration, over 7,000 gallons of wine were ordered to be poured into the Necker. It was a case of Necker nothing.

"*Real old Jamaica rum*," costing 10d. a gallon to produce, composed of rye flour, beetroot refuse, rancid butter, oil of vitriol, glucose, dextrose, old rags, paper, sawdust, rotten potatoes, Indian corn, fusil oil, and furfurole, is being sold in London. And yet we are told that "wastefulness" is very prevalent in London! It's a rum world, my masters!

Mr. Kettle having defeated Mr. McKaw in East Tyrone, there is much crowing on one side, and corresponding black looks among the big pots on the other.

A Pentonville man tried to shuffle off this mortal coil by fixing some tubing to a gas pipe, and, after putting a penny in the slot, was found unconscious with his mouth fastened to the tubing, the supply of gas being exhausted. Next time he feels like it, he had better go to the House of Commons; he would save his penny, and there would be no fear of the supply becoming exhausted.

A dog in New York has been supplied with rubber shoes by its mistress, as a protection against rheumatism. A padded overcoat for the doggie, and a padded cell for the owner are all that are required now.

A Hindu sect, the Jains, abstain from food for long periods at a time, fifty days being about the usual fast. "My pretty Jain, what makes you look so shy?" Now we know.

An engraver at St. Louis has just succeeded in engraving the alphabet on the point of a pin. It is said that he did it on the spur of the moment.

The medical term for a black eye is Hamatoma. The medical equivalent for a piece of raw steak would also be useful.

A man was recently summoned at Wycombe for stealing an egg nine years ago. The chief witness was the egg, which needed no interpreter, as it spoke for itself.

From a Sunday Paper: "The Kaiser greeted King Edward with a kiss on both cheeks as a sign of friendship. Afterwards the King left Kronberg, and went to Marienbad for the cure." Rough on the Kaiser!

It is said of Mr. Justice Lawrance that he has never lost his temper or uttered a single cross word. He differs in this from his legal "brother" who spells his name with an "e," and yet often finds himself made responsible for the "vagaries" on the Bench of a judge who differs only from Grantham in being a trifle more so.

The Pall Mall wants to know "who the Official Solicitor was" in connection with the Townshend case, and vouchsafes the surprising information that Mr. Winterbotham "started life as a solicitor about 1828." Even if he "started life" the day he was born, by now he would have been a solicitor for 78 years; but supposing he was 21 when he became a limb of the law, he would be 100—which, etc. (see Euclid).

Prof. Ray Lankester, having been practically dismissed, is not taking it lying down. Strange that an eminent scientist should object to the operation of the ex-Ray!

Dr. Metchnikoff has discovered a whey to lengthen our days. It is a Turkish preparation made of curdled milk. It is called Voghourt, and, appropriately enough, is in constant use among the Kurds.

King Alfonso has been visiting Aberdeenshire, and as a guard of honour the Gordon Highlanders were in evidence. It is reported that the King looked sad when he saw them, and said, "I see you have no kilts." The weather may have been warm, but no excuse can be possible for such a falling off in decorum.

Mustapha Kamel Pasha, editor of a Cairo paper, is dissatisfied with English rule in Egypt. Evidently Mustapha Kamel has the hump.

A Cyclist recently pleaded that, although his lamp was unlighted, he held on to a carriage which had two lamps. We can imagine a man in peril of the Black List pleading that, although drunk, he was held up by two policemen.

A pickpocket is not exactly an authority on honesty, but one recently explained that "for the past two years he had been getting an honest living by selling mock jewellery." Did he represent the Brahmo Gold or the British Watch Co.?

Now the Duma has disappeared, M. Aladyn is looking for a wonderful lamp to throw some light on the Russian way out. His famous namesake woke up one morning, and found his palace had disappeared.

About 300 *Bradford people* have been converted to Mormonism. "What to do with our girls" is in a fair way of settlement, for we read that "the elders, who are mostly young, are a well set-up body of men."

An indignant lady writes to complain of incivility at a post-office, where she went to withdraw some money. Rather than have the same experience, she says, for the future she will borrow the money from a friend. Quite right—but might not the friend be rude?

A humorous incident occurred a few days ago near the "Elephant and Castle." Smoke was seen coming from under one of the trams, but a few buckets of water soon put things right. Someone, however, broke the fire-alarm, and a fire-escape came dashing up. What would have happened if the gallant firemen had attempted to rescue the passengers?

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

In Geneva a strike of viper-killers is recorded. The vipers have hitherto enjoyed the monopoly of "striking."

The Massachusetts Food Commissioners have been "going" for jam. Recent investigation as regards blackberry jam revealed the absence of blackberries, but the very evident presence of linseed. We must say that jam poultices and linseed tarts are rather things to avoid.

"*I don't want* people to think I'm a silly dude," says the son and heir of Lord Aberdare, who has got himself engaged to Miss Camille Clifford. It is a pathetic appeal, and we hope people will try to oblige.

The latest vagary of a London motor-bus is to break down the railings of an elementary school, injure several children, scare all the others, and then lean up against a wall in a state of wreck. We again demand that the authorities shall widen the earth.

A leading medical specialist warns people against eating high game, or, as he puts it, rotten food. Grouse and partridges in a high state are very bad indeed, and epicures who consume them may get gastro-enteritis, even if they don't get streptrothrix.

The other day Mr. Plowden reminded a defendant at his court that the waist of a young woman is sacred. It does not follow, however, that it is necessarily Salvation arm-y.

It seems that nobody need go to Marienbad, nor any other Bad, for the cure. You can get any kind of European Spa crystals at the chemist's for about two-and-three a bottle, and dilute them to suit. If you don't like to drink them, try 'em in your bath.

Poor Russia! The war with Japan was bad, the recent upheaval at home worse, the Czar worst of all (as we thought); but even a lower depth of misery has been devised for that tortured land. Someone is going to introduce an Education Bill!

Mr. Lobb has a book on spiritualism in the press, and among many prominent "spirit photographs" are two gentlemen who favoured him with an interview—C. H. Spurgeon and Dan Leno! Spurgeon discussing the Tower of London—*and* the refreshment room, while Dan was preaching his 10,oooth sermon, would be too sweet for words.

Mr. W. J. Locke, the author of "The Morals of Marcus," is the secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects. He should draw good houses.

Fancy dismissing Captain Adair and Lieutenant Dathan from their ship, the "Montagu," seeing that it is lying a wreck on Shutter Rock. Why not confine them to their cabins?

The Committee of Investigation into the affairs of the Mecca Cafés recommend that a lady superintendent be appointed. They think that she would Mecca success of the concern.

Marie is to appear on the variety stage. Storms of applause will greet this breezy Tempest.

Mr. Charles Manners, the impresario, states that marriage is a good thing for men and women. And yet they ask in theatrical circles, "Why is Fanny Moody?" and answer the query, "Because of Charles' Manners."

The wasp waist is again becoming fashionable. Of "corset's" come to "stay."

The Clacton Town Crier, who has a wooden leg, is aspiring for a seat on the Urban Council, on the ground that "as there are many wooden heads around the Council table, there ought to be a wooden leg under it." But aren't four there already?

The Weekly Dispatch's contents bill the other Sunday contained the following legend: "Convicts Driven Mad. By Jabez Balfour." No wonder he was liberated!

Thomas Snow was charged at Old Street with throwing his wife out of a second-floor window. What a heavy Snowfall!

Messrs. Newncs are advising the public to "Get Hall Caine's 'Drink.'" Personally, we don't mind, if there's plenty of ice in it.

Mr. J. F. Sharp, of Oklahoma City, is the leader of a religious movement in which nakedness is one of the tenets. He appears to have many followers amongst the ladies at the sea-side this year.

The dense fog which overhung the English Channel last week caused the incessant hooting of the syrens. A foghorn conclusion!

The following advertisement of John Strange Winter's Hair Food is appearing in the papers:—

> THOUSANDS KNOW HER
> personally and by sight, and can testify that Mrs. Stannard (John Strange Winter), the well-known novelist, now has magnificent hair instead of having to wear a transformation (wig) as of old.

"Are we squeamish?" Perhaps not!

Says T. P., in *P.T.O.*:

> "Undoubtedly the man who works with his brain is liable to insomnia to a greater degree than the man whose employment does not make a big strain on the intellect."

They sleep pretty well at the *P.T.O.* office, we should imagine.

The geographical knowledge of some papers is fearfully and wonderfully made. One of our contemporaries recently came out with the intelligence that the King of Spain had been presented with a silver cup by the sherry shippers of Jerez, where sherry *is* made, is naturally rather amused at this Jersey bull.

Verily, there is nothing new under the sun. The Prophet Nahum, the Elkoshite, has this suggestive passage: "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways, they shall seem like torches. they shall run like the lightnings," etc. A little more information as to stop-watches, masks, petrol, and speed limits would be desirable.

MOTHER
SEIGEL'S
SYRUP

IS
LIFE
FOR
Your
Stomach.

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size

WHEN your digestive system is working properly your body is fully nourished, and health must follow; but when your stomach is weak, and cannot digest your food, your body is starved, and ill-health is the sure result. Read this story from Mrs. Chipperfield, a young married woman living at 84, Russell Street, Dereham Road, Norwich. It is dated May 3rd, 1906:

"Some time ago," she says, "I began to suffer with indigestion. Food disagreed with me and there was always a tight pressure across my chest. When I did eat there was always pain at my stomach afterwards. I had dizzy attacks quite frequently, and I wasted away to a mere shadow. My doctor said I was suffering from anæmia and indigestion, but in six months' attendance he did not help me. At last I began to take Mother Seigel's syrup. Its effect was surprising. The pains and wind quickly left me and I found my strength returning. I am now in splendid health and have never suffered in the least since then."

This is an every day example of what Mother Seigel's Syrup can do.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

C. R. (Highgate) is incorrigible. He *won't* be quiet. Because the Chicago people have been sending us bad food; he seems to think *all* bad food comes from abroad. What about the baby's toes in the brawn at Newbury? And C. R. likes Australian wine "because it is pure"! That is one of its chief faults. It has many others. But we *do* tax foreign wines, C. R.—and English Beer.

R. B. G. (Penarth).—Thanks for good "Bull's Eye."

J. B. (Cheetham).—The notice is interesting and amusing. We refer to it elsewhere. Many thanks.

H. J. F. (Sutton Coldfield) has also been favoured with a letter from the Brahmo Lever Watch Co., of 96, Newgate Street, London, calling him their "esteemed friend" and informing him that he has been awarded one of these wonderful gold watches—"a real beauty," etc. But he is *not* sending along that 6s. 11d. for "a chain to wear with it."

W. T. M. (Lewes) sends us a cutting from the *Daily News*, comparing the total "municipal debt" of England with the "national debts" of various European countries. The table, however, does not give particulars of the respective assets upon which the debts are secured. *That* is the point.

"FALCON" (Willesden) asks whether T. P. O'Connor was ever editor of the *Star*. Yes, and when he left it he started the *Sun*; just as when he left *M.A.P.*, he started *P.O'T*—we mean *P.T.O.*

A. MAC D. (Oban), who recently wrote us to the effect that he is a R. C. C., and had been most unjustly treated by his Bishop, sends a cutting from the *Glasgow Observer*, suggesting that there is no priest in Oban with these initials. A. MAC D. has written to our contemporary revealing his identity. Perhaps the *Glasgow Observer* will kindly note that this is a genuine page of genuine correspondence.

R. H. A. G. (Cardiff) forwards us a copy of *The Two Worlds*, "a journal devoted to the Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism, Religion, and Reform." We are much obliged to him, and have referred to the publication elsewhere.

MR EDWARD J. HOWELL sends us a copy of a thoughtfully written pamphlet—the result of much observation and travel—upon the subject of national thrift. The work is full of wise counsel and practical suggestion. "Wake up, John Bull," is its title, and it is published at sixpence by Bemrose.

A. B. C. (Liverpool) looks with suspicion upon the "Authors' Advisory Bureau," of 20, Buckingham Street, Strand, and founded by Mr. Gordon Richards, "late Literary Reader to the Messrs. Harmsworth, and for some time their fiction editor." We have glanced at the prospectus, and if the Bureau be conducted honestly, upon the lines indicated, we see nothing about it to find fault with. If, on the other hand, it yields to the temptation of making money out of either the vanity or the necessities of would-be authors, that is another thing. We have no reason at present, however, to in any way question its bona fides.

J. D. G. (Wrexham) sends a batch of swindling advertisement dodges—one a very harmless looking one of a lady who had been cured of rheumatism and wished to recommend the remedy. She was, of course, working with a quack. J. D. G. also sent a correct solution of a puzzle, for which all sorts of prizes were offered, by the Goldsmiths' Manufacturing Company, 19, Milton House, Sumner Street, and he was awarded 2d.—"to be devoted to a deserving institution." Oh, these Jewellers!

J. C. B. (Easingwold) sends us a cutting from the *Yorkshire Post*, containing the sad story of a horse which "broke its neck—and had to be destroyed"! Our correspondent asks "what is the best way of destroying a horse that has its neck broken?" We will consult a vet.

W. T. M. (Lewes) is delighted to find that the Uckfield Bench has actually dismissed a summons against a father for refusing to obey a vaccination order. He thinks it "a sign of the times." W. T. M. probably knows that the law is about to be altered.

O. L. O. (Brondesbury) takes our contributor, Mr. Herbert Vivian, severely to task for his references to Kipling, Carlyle, Mr. Chamberlain, and others. He thinks Mr. Vivian has mistaken his career, and that "he should have been a Labour member or a Borough Councillor, or, better still, a Humorist." We always welcome compliments to our staff.

R. W. O. (Worcester Park) has received the attentions of both the Brahmo and the British Watch Companies. They explain having sent his original signature by saying it was "received from another branch of their business, and was merely attached to draw your special attention to the letter." Of course, it was!

D. R. (Bishopsgate) forwards us an advertisement sheet from *Judy*. The paper appears to be very appropriately named.

F. M. B. (Burdett Road, E.) asks us to inspect "the largest and longest and most dangerous gas-pipe in the world," now exposed in Commercial Road, and says "no earthquake can come up to it." It appears to have been laid in 1870. We are sorry we cannot spare time to run down and have a look at it. Any reader in the neighbourhood may perhaps like to drop in when passing.

W. D. (Kennington Park) calls our attention to the fact that in a recent issue of the *Daily Express*, under the heading of "Are we becoming less religious?"—although, of course, some way down the column, appears the Racing and Betting news. He asks, "Can anything be more ridiculous?" He should study some of the copies of the *Daily News*, which, while omitting all Racing intelligence, gives due prominence to much other news of an infinitely more undesirable description.

G. F. H. M. (Cricklewood) tells us that Messrs. North and Co., of 42, Ludgate Hill, have returned him the inquiry fee, to which we made reference in a recent issue. That's all right.

J. A. F. (Huddersfield) whilst thinking it very kind of the Brahmo Lever Watch Company to place him on their list of prize-winners, says that, having read JOHN BULL, he does not propose to claim his rights. He has learnt something by now about these people.

F. W. S. (New Mills) says a lady friend allowed a man who was in the habit of calling upon her to take away a valuable watch to be repaired. Six months have elapsed, and nothing more has been seen of the watch. We are asked to advise what should be done. Is there any actual *proof* of the fact? If not, we are afraid the case is hopeless. Suppose the gentleman denies that he ever had the watch?

L. P. W. (Birmingham) asks, "Will none of Mr. Kipling's many admirers take up the cudgels on his behalf?" He says that in the smoke of his cigarette he can see now the pictures so cleverly drawn in "Kim" of the Llama and his patient Chola, and he thinks they are both characters worthy of emulation. Of course, it's well that we don't all think alike.

MESSRS. P. B. BURGOYNE AND CO. tell us we are wrong in thinking that Australian wine is not a good summer drink. They say that when diluted with water or soda-water it makes an absolutely wholesome beverage, the component parts of which consumers know to be perfectly natural. If Messrs. Burgoyne and Co. will send us along a case of their best we shall be pleased to put what they say to the test. Our only object is to arrive at the truth!

A. J. A. (Manchester) is being pestered by the British Watch Company. He says this is the first time he has heard that a pencil can keep perfect time! Perhaps the least said about "time" in connection with the British Watch Company the better.

B. J. (Huddersfield) directs our attention to certain advertisements in the *Church Times*, of a suspicious character relating to field-glasses and various articles of jewellery, and rightly thinks that such advertisements do harm to genuine tradespeople.

NORWAY desires to thank Jim Crow for his charming article on women. She thinks woman has exercised the greatest good in the past, and that it was during the reigns of the Queens from Boadicea downwards that the largest amount of progress was achieved. Norway has "studied evolution," and finds that "in the soul's reincarnation the men who are unkind to women now will be re-born again as women." If this be really true it almost tempts one to be unkind to the fair sex.

J. A. G. (Argyleshire) thinks we are a little unfair to Mr. Keir Hardie in reference to his attitude on the Zulu question. Our correspondent thinks that Mr. Keir Hardie's views are extensively shared by other people, but that they have not the courage to express them. We are bound to say that certain recent disclosures do tend to strengthen the position Mr. Keir Hardie has taken up.

REX (Plymouth) does not like the phrase "he grew angrier and angrier" in our *Open Post-Card* to Mr. Beecham. If, however, he will refer to the text, he will find the phrase is quite correct. The Customs Official was already angry—as Customs Officials usually are.

A. C. (De Beauvoir Road) thinks our marriage laws infinitely more stupid than the Education Act of 1902. He maintains that "there is no table of kindred and affinity attached to the Book of Common Prayer (as sanctioned by Parliament)" and that Archbishop Parker's Tables have

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

never received the sanction of Law. We quite agree that the Marriage Law is in a most chaotic condition in this country. It is a moot point, for instance, whether marriage with a deceased wife's sister *is* illegal.

E. W. (Burdett Road) is indignant with the *Daily Chronicle* for its sympathy with alien refugees. He says the writer of the article should go and live, as he has done for thirty years, with these "poor, persecuted, destitute, cut-throat, under-selling, stinking scum of Europe." E. W. says this is the first time he has ever written to a paper. We congratulate him upon his start. But what does he say to the case of a really genuine political refugee from, say, Russian persecution? THAT was the point of the article.

F. W. (Leamington) has had some Liquozone soap coupons, of the nominal value of 3d. and 6d. respectively, sent him. He asks, "Is the thing genuine?" Well, it is a clever device to sell the soap, as to the merits of which we know nothing. There is, however, a very Yankee ring about the circulars, and we should like to know whether Boots' the chemists, whose name is being actively identified with the scheme, are satisfied as to its genuineness.

MEDICUS (Old Street) asks whether "The Mint Co-operative Club" is "a suitable concern in which to invest money, or with which to have any dealings." We regret that we feel constrained to answer both questions in the negative.

J. R. F. charges the Commissioners of Excise with winking at the illicit sale of wines and spirits at certain Bloomsbury boarding-houses. He has frequently called the attention of the authorities to the matter, but they make no move. J. R. F. thinks they are in collusion with the boarding-house keepers in question. Rather a strong assumption, surely. They are simply Government officials, and don't like to be worried.

A. A. (Hamilton Gardens) tells us that a suggestion he made many years ago has now been acted upon by the London County Council, who have placed a tablet on the front of 31, Baker Street, where Bulwer-Lytton was born in 1803. There is a story to the effect that it was in this street that Bulwer-Lytton, when hardly a year old, was clutched from the arms of his nurse by a madman, who asked whose child it was. "Colonel Bulwer's child," was the reply. "He will be greater than his father," said the lunatic, and he thrust the baby back into the hands of the nurse and made off. His body was found in the Thames the next day.

N. R. (Glasgow) wishes we would expose "Dr. Wilford Bodie," now appearing at the music-halls. Does he really do any harm?

A MISSION WORKER (Liverpool) was much struck by our comments upon the decreased "churchyness," as distinguished from "religiousness" of the people. He recalls John Wesley's phrase, "If I die worth more than ten pounds, let the people call me a thief and a robber." Rather rough on some recently deceased parsons!

NABBY (Bridlington) is disposed to believe a specious circular issued by the "Sporting Atlas"—an infallible "system" of backing winners, 7s. 6d. down and 17s. 6d. more "out of the winnings." And "£3 to £5 per week profit, with stakes of a few shillings only." Now, if we knew of an infallible system of making money, we think we should keep it to ourselves. Nabby mustn't let Mr. John Anderson (alias the "Atlas Co.") nab his 7s. 6d.

H. G. R. asks whether the "Clease Extensor" for increasing the height, etc., is genuine. Of course it isn't.

J. T. (Bradford) has received a batch of very specious literature from the "M. A. Winter Co., *Armory* Building, Washington, D.C.," inviting him to become one of their agents. We have italicised the address, because it is so suggestive of those Chicago horrors. How these Yanks do hustle.

H. E. H. F. (Shepherd's Bush) is at us again for our pro-Liberal tendencies. He seems to be in love with Mr. Balfour. We are not. We can't stand him at any price. He must be an acquired taste, and our palate is not sufficiently educated at present. Our friend offers to bet that in seven years' time Mr. Balfour will be Prime Minister again. We will book that wager.

D. R. A. (Grosvenor Square) sends us a lengthy pamphlet, "My Experiences of a Breach of Promise Case," and asks us to interest ourselves in the matter. We regret that our hands are too full. We can't do everything. But D. R. A. does appear to have a solid grievance. He, however, has one consolation—he didn't marry the lady.

T. M. (Tottenham) is a spiritualist, and he thinks we need not have singled out *The Two Worlds* in recently exposing those mystic powers, etc. He also thinks that other sects have their frauds and hypocrisies. Of course they have, all of them; but we never saw so many in such a small parcel as those set forth for the faithful readers of *The Two Worlds*. 'Orrible!

H. B. A. (Cardiff) tells us that a concern calling itself "The Co-operative Sickness and Accident Association," of 3, Broad Street Buildings, London, is issuing imitation stamps of all nominal values, which it induces tradespeople to present to their customers as they make their purchases, and when a customer has got together "22s. 6d. worth" of these stamps he is entitled to a sickness and accident policy for a month. The tradesmen have to pay a percentage to the "association" upon all "stamps" given out. The only flaw seems to be that when they send up for the policies they can't get them. No doubt the "association" is very busy. It probably takes at least *five weeks* to prepare the policy.

WODEN (Wednesbury) has a son fourteen years old. The little chap saw an advertisement of a cure for blushing, and of course at once came to the conclusion that this terrible complaint (oh, that we had it still!), and all that surrounded it, was rampant within him. So he wrote, and ever since, our old friend, H. C. Temple, of 9, Pugh's Place, Golden Square, has been bombarding the affrighted youth with his advice and earnest entreaty—ending up with the usual confidential offer to accept 5s. instead of 10s. for the "treatment." The best recommendation we can give Mr. Temple is his own "unblushing effrontery."

H. H. R. (Buxton) is another admirer of Kipling's. He gives us a piece of interesting astronomical information, i.e., that "there is always a great deal of jealousy among satellites held in submission to a star." H. H. R. hopes that Kipling "may produce some more masterpieces from a master pen." Did he read our "Literary Foretastes"?

BULL DOG (Clapham Common) calls our attention to the advertisement of a gentleman living at 19, Holland Road, Loughborough Road, who "must sell his beautiful drawing-room suite," and other precious articles. This advertisement has appeared in various papers for several years past, so the furniture must be getting quite antique. And the dear, kind gentleman must have spent a small fortune by now in his endeavour to realise it. Why not try an auction room? We are certain he knows of one!

P. S. B. (Finchley) complains that "Cooke's Mercantile Offices," of 333, Gray's Inn Road, keep sending threatening circulars to his house addressed to a late servant. The circular purports to be written in the interests of "Mr. A. Thomas, 317, Upper Street, Islington," and is evidently being sent out broadcast. Who is Mr. A. Thomas, and who are Cooke's Mercantile Offices? We must ascertain.

W. F. K. sees nothing blasphemous in that "Jesus and Co." tract we published last week. He thinks that had some eminent divine published it, everybody would have admired it. Well, perhaps "W. F. K." is right. Everyone to his tastes, however unique they may be.

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS
Drink and Drug Habits Cured at home, in 3 to 7 weeks, by the
Telegrams: Turvey, London. TURVEY TREATMENT Telephone 5694 Gerrard.
Publicly tested before Medical Committee (see Press Report). The Treatment entails no inconvenience and, in addition to entirely eradicating the crave for Alcohol or Drugs, has a most beneficial effect on the patient's health. The *Daily Chronicle* says: "A remarkable success." *Truth* states: "Has had really good effects." Resident patients also taken. Consultations, personal or by letter, without charge. The medicine for each case is prepared by a Qualified English Doctor and can be sent to any part of the world.
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED 80-PAGE TREATISE (FREE), OR CALL.
Med. Supt., TURVEY TREATMENT CO., Ltd., 68, AMBERLEY HOUSE, NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON.

"REVEILLE" PILLS

(Popular English pronunciation—RE-VALLEY.)

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

A POSITIVE CURE for

CONSTIPATION,
INDIGESTION,
BILIOUSNESS,
HEADACHE,
SICKNESS,
ANÆMIA,
SLEEPLESSNESS,
DYSPEPSIA,
ALL NERVOUS AFFECTIONS.

THE MOST RELIABLE PILL IN THE WORLD.

"REVEILLE" PILLS are sold by most chemists at **1/1½** and **2/9** per box. If you have any difficulty in obtaining "Reveille" Pills, send P.O. to the Proprietors, and a box will be sent by return, post paid.

FREE SAMPLE.

Name .....

Address.....

J.B.—1d. stamp to be enc'osed for postage.

THE ALEXANDER MANUFACTURING Co., Ltd., 11, Queen Victoria Street, **LONDON, E.C.**

FREE DEEDS.
NO LAW COSTS.
NO SURVEY FEES.

IN KENT, THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

200 yards from **MAIN LINE STATION**, and about an **HOUR** from **LONDON.**
Every reader of **JOHN BULL** has the splendid opportunity of

BECOMING A FREEHOLDER FOR 5/-.

He can also have

A PRETTY WEEK END BUNGALOW FOR £105.

Write for full particulars of above and large illustrated book of estates in eleven different counties, or call

HOMESTEADS LTD. (R.), 27, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. LOTINGA.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

Not too Old at Forty.

The crack jockey in India is Jimmy Robinson, a man of forty. Here we now rarely see men of the T. Cannon and J. Osborne type, who are seniors in age and wear whiskers.

Too Slow a Game.

Breeding is all right as a hobby, but a poor game for selling, or especially racing, and, for most men, too slow in returns. It really means waiting for three years before you learn the result.

Nomination Made Easy.

The latest is for Weatherby's to furnish owners with tabulated lists of engagements of their horses for the year, showing at a glance every detail—especially the date and the amount saved by declaration of forfeit, etc.

The Difference.

If a horse falls lame or is brought back to the paddock for any reason prior to his being under the starter's orders, his backers do not lose; but if they support him coupled with another horse, they do.

Irony.

It is remarkable that there have been many more fires in training stables since electric light was introduced than ever previously, although the installation is supposed to be a preventive of the danger.

We Should Copy.

It may seem a very simple matter, but at all Australian race meetings the official caterers serve luncheons in the carriage paddocks if required, and, by way of encouraging picnicing and alfresco tea parties, boiling water is supplied to anybody free of charge.

Do Backers Know?

Jockeys cannot explain why the Sandown five furlongs is the most extraordinary course to ride over. They say that if they jump off two lengths in front of anything when on the worst (the left) side they are well in the rear before the field has gone a furlong, while on the rails berth even a slow horse seems to be able to well hold his place.

"Warm Members."

When is the farce of supposedly having MEMBERS' trains to be strictly adhered to? The regular race-course joke is that it means "warm" members, while everyone will bear me out in the fact that the trains are invariably half filled by bookmakers and others who have no claim to the classification.

On the "Goods."

What a good thing bookmaking really is nowadays! Ask any s.p. man—street, club, or course—and he will tell you "they" only back one a race—and two or three a day. Further, that horses fancied are invariably "there" or thereabouts; in fact, "hot orders" s.p., and that it is good odds on a backer who only bets when he knows something.

Your Own Odds—and No Pay.

It is well known to what extent some of the swindling commission agents will go to catch the unwary, but the latest is to offer 10 to 1 on the field for the St. Leger, in which there are not more than four or five horses that have any possible chance. The bait in this case is surely so self-evident that speculators can hardly avoid tumbling to the trick.

Listen Not to "Whispers."

No folk are more imaginative, suspicious, and superstitious than the racing army, and the merest coincidences or prejudices, pro and con, provoke the most important issues. Anything that is supposedly clandestine immediately appeals irresistibly to backers. Instance the fact of a horse winning a race and openly giving evidence of his ability; totally inadequate notice is taken of the result, and simply because it was so palpably before everyone's eyes, the win is minimised in its value. But should the same horse have done exactly the same thing in a private home trial, so that the gallop is much promulgated, enlarged upon, and mysteriously "whispered," then would the very same supposedly 'cute backers "fall over" each other to be on the good thing at one-fourth the rate than would be the case had the gallop been out in public.

What is Fair Comment?

I do not think the reciprocal positions as between our trainers and jockeys and the Press is quite understood by the majority, who frequently take umbrage at an expression of opinion reflecting to their discredit. If, however, a man is not fearless in expressing such opinions, pro and con, but merely "whitewashes" everything in stereotyped phrases, he can hardly be worthy of being a sporting writer. One must have some opinion, although his view of the happenings is only an opinion, and may be right or wrong, for no one is infallible. Of course, our jockeys all like the nicest remarks made about them, and one tries to be invariably kind, even in condemnation. But if I see, or think I see, a display of bad judgment, poor horsemanship, or suspicious circumstance, I never have hesitated, and never shall hesitate to say so. A truthful, candid idea is what I am expected to give, whether it is pleasing personally to the individual concerned or not, and everybody who poses in any sense in a public character must be liable to public criticism, which so many forget.

Look for "Loopholes."

Even some of the s.p. commission agents who pay out leave no stone unturned to beat a man if he is receiving too much money from them. Few backers are aware that a telegram actually has three times on it. Ordinarily, any one wiring assumes that the time he hands the message in is the correct scheduled hour, and yet, without noticing it, some of the rules distinctly say telegrams must be "despatched" so long before a race. If any substantial sum has been won over such message, the recipient sends to the G.P.O. to see the original, and tries to get out of the wager with the help of the three or four minutes difference in timing between when it was actually handed in and coded as "despatched." Many a man has "been done" out of money fairly won in this manner, and can have no remedy before any tribunal when the man who objects to pay points to his rules, in which the word "despatched" is used.

A "Season" Suggestion.

The tendency nowadays—through compulsion—is certainly one to lessen the entrance fees, for "kitty" is assuredly killing the great race game, and people, unless wealthy or money comes easily to them, are beginning to resent being charged through the nose for everything. This season the Goodwood charges were reduced, while many meetings now have a 5s. grand stand, and at Kempton this autumn a charge of only 5s. is now made, in lieu of 10s., for entrance to the paddock from the

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course. My idea has always been that the public should be studied in every regard, and I have proposed—but without result—to both the railway companies and race executives, that they should issue season tickets to anybody covering the entire year. Thus, if a man desired say to go to Kempton regularly, he should be able to purchase a season ticket (similar to the passes granted gratuitously) at a reduced rate. There are usually some eighteen days' racing in a year, so that in lieu of paying £1 each time, the season ticket might well be made 10 or 12 guineas, which would be as much to the benefit of the executive in the long run as for the individual, the reason being that there is always something cropping up to prevent a man going on EVERY occasion, while it still tempts him to do so if he is a season ticket holder. It would therefore increase the attendance, the railway fares, the refreshment receipts, etc., etc. Similarly, the L. and S. W. Ry. Co. might well issue tickets covering the whole year or part of the year for ALL the numerous race meetings on their circuit. This, too, should give some reasonable financial advantage, and would again form the foundation of an invariably big attendance.

—

Will it Work?

I do not think it is adequately realised what a vast difference will be made by the transfer of the August Bank Holiday from Hurst Park to Sandown Park. Primarily there is the unquestioned NECESSITY of making it a 1s. gate, such as Hurst Park has always done. On holiday dates this ensures a crowd of many thousands, who make holiday in the park, and probably see very little of the racing—and care less. At Sandown, however, I hear that their opinion is that it is better to have 20,000 at 2s. 6d. a head rather than 50,000 at 1s. Financially the result may be the same, and as far as any slight damage that might accrue to the course and park is concerned, it is undoubtedly an advantage to the executive, but that is not really the point. On these few holiday dates, the race gatherings are supposed to be holiday meetings, expressly for the crowd, and I take it that this somewhat unnecessary change of venue is equivalent to suddenly deciding to have the Derby run at Goodwood. Epsom, with which it has always been associated, is THE public meeting—Goodwood, the rendezvous of the classes. In exactly similar ratio do Hurst and Sandown Parks respectively figure.

Needs Doing.

The present time arrangements at Sandown will certainly need to be considerably altered, and further railing-off be done to exclude, or accommodate, the crowd. It will necessitate the erection of refreshment tents in the centre of the park, and certainly a much-increased entrance and exit accommodation, the present narrow one at the "one at a time" turnstiles being totally inadequate. The half-crown ring, already at times overcrowded, will want to be twice its size, to have the shelter promised and a telegraph office of its own; while what will Sandown say to the absolute necessity of winking at betting taking place in the park outside on the rails, and in many instances from vehicles? The carriage enclosures will need to extend to the bottom of the straight.

With Mr. W. J. Compton—a business man—at the head of Sandown's management, there can be no question but that anything reasonable will be done; but I doubt if the public will really take to the change. Here they only have the road and the rail as a means of access, with just a slight tributary of approach supplied by the trams, now running to Winder's Bridge. There is, moreover, nothing BUT the racing to be seen at Sandown, so that at its conclusion the entire crowd must make for home. What the jam will be at Esher Station can be imagined, for at Hurst Park quite 33 per cent. remain on the river banks, or get afloat for the rest of the evening. A big percentage cross the ferry for Hampton Station, and quite 25 per cent. utilise the trams. However, in a progressive age we shall doubtless see what will really result, and in the course of time take to Sandown as the correct venue for, and as catering for, the hoi-polloi—as we now regard it as exclusively for the military and the classes.

Prophetic.

In still going with extreme caution, it may be policy to look on during the early nursery season. But on the principle that everything comes off in turn—however belated—BEST LIGHT—at a price at last—may win his Derby Handicap engagement.

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